AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JULY, 1839.

Embellishment:

THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, WITH A PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN;

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY PRUD'HOMME AFTER AN OIL PAINTING BY HERRING.

Contents:

	Page.
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.	370
A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS; Day the Second. By "Frank Forester."	371
TEN MINUTES' RUN WITH A WOLF. By "Κυνηγος."	383
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. II. By an Amateur	385
THE CANADIAN HUNTER TO HIS HORSE. By J. H. Willis, Esq.	395
TURFIANA. No. III. By the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine	397
ON ACCLIMATING CATTLE IN LOUISIANA. By J. S., M.D.	407
MEMOIR OF DON JOHN; By the Editor. Illustrated with a Portrait	410
SAND EATING BY HORSES; By "Inquirer."	416
OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR OF 1838	417

RACES AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.	page	417	RACES AT CAMDEN, N. J.	page	419
" " PORT GIBSON, MISS.	"	"	" " MADISON, KY.	"	"
" " MECKLENBURG, VA.	"	"	" " PHILADELPHIA, PA.	"	420
" " FAYETTE, MO.	"	418	" " MAYSVILLE, KY.	"	"
" " MOUNT PLEASANT, TENN.	"	"	" " FLORENCE, ALA.	"	"
" " TUSCALOOSA, ALA.	"	"			

EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR BY AN OLD READER. By C. F. J. Esq.		421			
AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY		422			
NOTES OF THE MONTH. By the Editor		423			
THE DERBY	page	423	BLOOD SALES	page	424
NAMES CLAIMED	"	"	RACING ON DITS	"	"

AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT

HOUSTON, TEXAS	page	17	NASHVILLE, TENN.	page	21
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO	"	"	TUSCUMBIA, ALA.	"	"
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.	"	18	CRAB ORCHARD, KY.	"	22
GEORGETOWN, KY.	"	"	LYNCHBURG, VA.	"	"
COLUMBUS, GA.	"	"	CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA	"	"
TREE HILL, VA.	"	19	TRENTON, N. J.	"	23
GREENSBOROUGH, ALA.	"	20	FREDERICKSBURG, VA.	"	24
MAYSVILLE, KY.	"	"	NEW YORK, SECOND L. I. MEETING	"	"

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The great number of pages occupied this month by the AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR of 1839, prevents the commencement of the republication of the *English Calendar*. As the Spring campaign, however, is now brought to a close, we hope to "carry the war into Africa" in the number for August. If the labor is not entirely beyond our strength, we propose to go through the English Calendar and supply the pedigrees (at least of the winners) which, our readers are probably aware, are not generally given in the Racing Calendar of England except in doubtful cases, or when a horse makes his first appearance on the Turf. The value of the Calendar would thus be increased beyond measure to American readers, for to those not perfectly familiar with the English Stud Book, a mere republication of the Racing Calendar without the pedigrees, would answer no better purpose than Grumio's mustard without the beef!

So few pedigrees have reached us during the month to be recorded, that we are induced to believe some misapprehension exists on the subject. We therefore desire breeders and turfmen to understand that lists of their studs will always be inserted with pleasure in the "Register" without charge. It is desirable, however, that pedigrees be written out with as little prolixity as possible, and in a clear legible hand. In case a portion of a gentleman's stock has been previously registered, reference to the volume and page should be made, so as to avoid repetition. It is unnecessary, we presume, to add, that we shall avoid the publication of doubtful or unauthenticated pedigrees.

Is Rob Roy or Rattler the sire of Nancy Marlboro, Wonder's dam? A Rob Roy mare of that name, out of Black Ey'd Susan, ran at Baltimore in 1833; *vide* page 543, vol. IV.

Kate Seyton (not Seaton) should have been reported, (at page 16 of the Racing Calendar) as having been run at Baltimore in the name of Col. HAMPTON, who owns and nominated her; for the stake at Camden, N. J., in the name of Dr. GOODWYN, who named her. She won both engagements handily.

The article of J. A. J., Esq. on "Designating the Color of Horses" and "Curing the Distemper in Dogs," are reluctantly omitted in this number for want of space.

The pedigree alluded to in W. H. T's. letter will be corrected under its proper head in our next.

The August number will contain "Further Observations on the Spring Campaign." The writer will confer an additional favor by using two sheets of paper instead of crowding a long letter into a single one, as errors not unfrequently occur from inability to decypher the manuscript. We had rather pay any extra postage than run the risk of making errors.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SECOND.

MUCH as I had heard of Tom Draw, I was, I must confess, taken altogether aback when I, for the first time, set eyes upon him. I had heard Harry Archer talk of him fifty times as a crack shot; as a top sawyer at a long day's fag; as the man of all others he would choose as his mate, if he were to shoot a match, two against two—what then was my astonishment at beholding this worthy, as he reared himself slowly from his recumbent position? It is true, I had heard his sobriquet "Fat Tom," but, Heaven and Earth! such a mass of beef and brandy as stood before me, I had never even dreamed of.—About five feet six inches at the very utmost in the perpendicular, by six or—"by'r lady"—nearer seven, in circumference, weighing, at the least computation, two hundred and fifty pounds, with a broad jolly face, its every feature—well-formed and handsome, rather than otherwise,—mantling with an expression of the most perfect excellence of heart and temper, and overshadowed by a vast mass of brown hair, sprinkled pretty well with gray!—Down he plumped from the counter with a thud that made the whole floor shake, and with a hand outstretched, that might have done for a Goliah, out he strode to meet us.

"Why, hulloa! hulloa! Mr. Archer," shaking his hand till I thought he would have dragged the arm clean out of the socket—"How be you, boy? How be you?"

"Right well, Tom, can't you see? Why d—n your old eyes, you've grown twenty pound heavier since July!—but here, I'm losing all my manners!—this is Frank Forester, whom you have heard me talk about so often! He dropped down here out of the moon, Tom, I believe! at least, I thought about as much of seeing the man in the moon, as of meeting *him* in this wooden country—but here he is—as you see—come all the way to take a look at the natives; and so, you see, as you're about the greatest curiosity I know of in these parts, I brought him straight up here to take a peep! Look at him, Frank—look at him well! Now, did you ever see, in all your life, so extraordinary an old Devil?—and yet, Frank, which no man could possibly believe, the old fat animal has some good points about him—he can walk *some!*—shoot, as he says, *first best!*—and drink—good Lord—how he can drink!"

"And that reminds me," exclaimed Tom, who with a ludicrous mixture of pleasure, bashfulness, and mock anger, had been listening to what he evidently deemed a high encomium—"that *we* hav'nt drank yet—have you quit drink, Archer, since I was to York?—What'll you take, Mr. Forester? Gin?—yes, I have got some prime gin! You never sent me up them Groceries though, Archer—well, then, here's luck!—What, Yorkshire, is that you?—I should ha'

thought now, Archer, you'd have clared that lazy injun out afore this time!"

"Whoy, measter Draa—what'na loike's that?—coom, coom now, where'll Ay tak t' things tull?"

"Put Mr. Forester's box in the bed room off the parlor—mine up-stairs, as usual," cried Archer.—Look sharp, and get the things out. Now, Tom, I suppose you have got no supper for us!"

"Cooper—Cooper!—you snooping little devil"—yelled Tom, addressing his second hope, a fine dark-eyed, bright-looking lad of ten or twelve years—"Don't you see Mr. Archer's come?—away with you, and light the parlor fire, look smart now, or I'll cure you! Supper—you're always eat! eat! eat! or, drink—drink—*drunk!* Yes! supper—we've got pork! and chickens"——

"Oh! d—n your pork," said I, "salt as the ocean I suppose!"—"And double d—n your chickens," chimed in Harry, "old superannuated cocks which must be caught *now*, and then beheaded, and then soused into hot water to fetch off the feathers; and save you lazy devils the trouble of picking them. No! no! Tom!—get us some fresh meat for to-morrow; and for to-night let us have some hot potatoes, and some bread and butter—and we'll find beef—eh, Frank? and now look sharp! for we must be up in good time to-morrow, and to be so, we must to bed betimes. And now, Tom, are there any cock?"

"Cock!—yes—I guess there be—and quail, too, pretty plenty!—quite a smart chance of them, and not a shot fired among them this fall, any how!"

"Well—which way must we beat to-morrow? I calculate to shoot three days with you here; and, on Wednesday night, when we get in, to hitch up and drive into Sullivan, and see if we can't get a deer or two! You'll go, Tom?"

Well, well—we'll see any how!—but for to-morrow—why, I guess we must beat the Squire's swamp-hole first—there's ten or twelve cock there, I know—I see them there myself last Sunday! and then across them buck-wheat stubbles, and the big bog meadow—there's a *drove* of quail there—two or three bevys got in one, I reckon—leastwise I counted thirty-three last Friday was a week—and through Seer's big swamp, over to the great spring!"

"How *is* Seer's swamp?—too wet, I fancy"—Archer interposed—"at least I noticed, from the mountain, that all the leaves were changed in it, and that the maples were quite bare!"

"Pretty fair—pretty fair—I guess," replied stout Tom, "I hav'nt been there myself though, but Jem was down with the hounds arter an old fox t' other day, and sure enough *he said* the cock kept flopping up quite thick afore him—but then the critter *will* lie, Harry—he *will* lie like h—ll, you know! but somehow I concaits that there be cock there too! and then, as I was saying, we'll stop at the great spring and get a bite of summat—and then beat Hell-hole; you'll have sport there for sartin! What dogs have you got with you, Harry?"

"Your old friends *Shot* and *Chace*, and a couple of spaniels for thick covert!"

"Now, gentlemen, your suppers are all ready."

"Come, Tom," cried Archer, "you must take a bite with us—Tim,

bring us in three bottles of champagne, and lots of ice, do you hear!" and the next moment we found ourselves installed in a snug parlour, decorated with a dozen sporting prints, a blazing hickory fire snapping and sputtering and roaring in a huge Franklin stove—our luggage safely stowed in various corners, and Archer's double gun-case propped on two chairs below the window! An old-fashioned round table, covered with clean white linen of domestic manufacture, displayed the noble round of beef which we had brought up with us, flanked by a platter of magnificent potatoes, pouring forth volumes of dense steam through the cracks in their dusky skins—a lordly dish of butter, that might have pleased the appetite of Sisera—while eggs and ham, and pies of apple, mince-meat, cranberry and custard, occupied every vacant space; save where two ponderous pitchers, mantling with ale and cider, and two respectable square bottles, labelled "Old Rum" and "Brandy—1817"—relieved the prospect. Before we had sat down, Timothy entered, bearing a horse bucket filled to the brim with ice, from whence protruded the long necks and split corks of three champagne bottles—"Now, Tim," said Archer, "get your own supper, when you've finished with the cattle—feed the dogs well to-night—and then to bed! And hark you—call me at five in the morning—we shall want you to carry the game bag and the drinkables—take care of yourself Tim, and good night!"

"No need to tell him that," cried Tom—"He's something like yourself—*I tell* you Archer,—if Tim ever dies of thirst, it must be where there is nothing wet, but water!"

"Now hark to the old scoundrel, Frank," said Archer—"hark to him pray, and if he doesn't out-eat both of us, and out-drink any thing you ever saw, may I miss my first bird to-morrow—that's all! —Give me a slice of beef, Frank—that old Goth would cut it an inch thick if I let him touch it—out with a cork, Tom!—Here's to our sport to-morrow!"

"Uh! that goes good!" replied Tom with an eructation, which might have preceded an eruption of Vesuvius, and which, by the apparent gusto of the speaker, seemed to betoken that the wine "had returned pleasant"—"that goes good!—that's different from the damned red trash you left up here last time."

"And of which you have *left* none, I'll be bound," answered Archer laughing,—"my best Latour, Frank, which the old infidel calls trash!"

"It's all below—every bottle of it," answered Tom—"I wouldn't use such rot-gut stuff, no not for vinegar—'Taint half so good as that red sherry you had up here once—that was poor weak stuff too, but it did well to make milk punch of—it did well instead of milk!"

"Now Frank," said Archer, "you won't believe me, *that I know*; but it's true, all the same. A year ago, this autumn, I brought up five gallons of exceedingly stout, rather fiery, young, brown sherry—draught wine you know!—and what did Tom do here—but mix it—half and half—with brandy, nutmeg, and sugar, and drink it for milk punch!"

"I did *so*, by G—d," replied Tom, bolting a huge lump of beef, in order to enable himself to answer—"I did *so*, and good milk punch it made too, but it was too weak!C—Come Mr. Forester, we harnt drank yet, and I'm kind o' gittin dry!"

And now the mirth waxed fast and furious—the champagne speedily was finished, the supper things cleared off, hot water and Starke's Farentosh succeeded, cheroots were lighted, we drew closer in about the fire, and, during the circulation of two tumblers—for to this did Harry limit us, having the prospect of unsteady hands and aching heads before him for the morrow—never did I hear more genuine and real humor, than went round our merry trio. Tom Draw especially, though all his jokes were not such altogether as I can venture to insert in the chaste paragraphs of Maga, and though at times his oaths were too extravagantly rich to brook repetition, shone forth resplendent. No longer did I wonder at what I had before deemed Harry Archer's strange hallucination—Tom Draw *is* a decided genius—rough as a pine knot in his native woods—but full of mirth, of shrewdness, of keen mother wit, of hard horse sense—and, last not least, of the most genuine milk of human kindness. He is a rough block—but as Harry says—there is solid timber under the uncouth bark enough to make five hundred men, as men go now-a-days *in cities!*

At ten o'clock, thanks to the excellent precautions of my friend Harry, we were all snugly berthed, before the whiskey, which had well justified the high praise I had heard lavished on it, had made any serious inroads on our understandings, but not before we had laid in a *quantum* to ensure a good night's rest. Bright and early was I on foot the next day, but before I had half dressed myself I was assured by the clatter of the breakfast things, that Archer had again stolen a march upon me; and the next moment my bed-room door driven open by the thick boot of that worthy, gave me a full view of his person—arrayed in a stout fustian jacket—with half a dozen pockets in full view, and heaven only knows how many more lying *perdu* in the broad skirts—knee breeches of the same material, with laced half boots and leather leggins, set off his stout calf and well turned ancle.

"Up! up! Frank," he exclaimed—"it is a morning of ten thousand—there has been quite a heavy dew, and by the time we are afoot it will be well evaporated—and then the scent will lie, I promise you!—make haste, I tell you, breakfast is ready!"

Stimulated by his hurrying voice, I soon completed my toilet, and entering the parlor found Harry busily employed in stirring to and fro a pound of powder on one heated dinner plate, while a second was undergoing the process of preparation on the hearth-stone under a glowing pile of hickory ashes.—At the side-table, covered with guns, dog-whips, nipple-wrenches, and the like, Tim, rigged like his master, in half boots and leggins, but with a short roundabout of velveteen, in place of the full skirted jacket, was filling our shot-pouches by aid of a capacious funnel, more used, as its odor betokened, to facilitate the passage of Gin or Jamaica spirits than of so sober a material as cold lead.

At the same moment entered mine host, togged for the field in a huge pair of cow-hide boots reaching almost to the knee, into the tops of which were tucked the lower ends of a pair of trowsers—containing yards enough of buffalo-cloth to have eked out the mainsail of a North River sloop,—a waistcoat and single-breasted jacket of the same material, with a fur cap, completed his attire—but in his hand he bore a large decanter filled with a pale yellowish liquor, embalming a dense

mass of fine and worm-like threads, not very different in appearance from the best vermicelli.

"Come, boys, come—here's your bitters," he exclaimed; and, as if to set us the example, filled a big tumbler to the brim, gulped it down as if it had been water, smacked his lips, and incontinently tendered it to to Archer—who, to my great amazement, filled himself likewise a a more moderate draught, and quaffed it without hesitation—"That's good, Tom," he said, pausing after the first sip—"that's the best I ever tasted here—how old's that?"

"Five years!" Tom replied—"five years last fall! Daddy Tom made it me out of my own best apples—take a horn, Mr. Forester," he added, turning to me—"it's *first best* cider sperrits—better a d—n sight than that Scotch stuff you make such an eternal fuss about, toting it up here every time, as if we'd nothing fit to drink in the country!"

And to my sorrow I did taste it—old apple whiskey, with Lord knows how much snake-root soaked in it for five years!—they may talk about gall being bitter—but, by all that's wonderful, there was enough of the *amari aliquid* in this *fonte*, to me by no means of *leporum*, to have given an extra touch of bitterness to all the gall beneath the canopy; and with my mouth puckered up, till it was like anything on earth but a mouth, I set the glass down on the table; and for the next five minutes could no nothing but shake my head to and fro like a Chinese mandarin, amidst the loud and prolonged roars of laughter that burst like thunder claps from the huge jaws of Thomas Draw, and the subdued and half respectful cachinnations of Tim Matlock.

By the time I had got a little better, the black tea was ready, and with thick cream, hot buck-wheat cakes, beautiful honey, and—as a stand-by—the still venerable round, we made out a very tolerable meal.

This done, with due deliberation Archer supplied his several pockets with their accustomed load—the clean-punched wads in this—in that the Westley Richards' caps—here a pound horn of powder—there a shot-pouch on Syke's lever principle, with double mouth-piece—in another, screw-driver, nipple-wrench, and the spare cones—and, to make up the tale, dog-whip, dram-bottle, and silk handkerchief in the sixth and last.

"Nothing like method in this world," said Harry, clapping his low-crowned broad-brimmed mohair cap upon his head—"take my word for it. Now Tim, what have you got in the bag?"

"A bottle of champagne, sur"—answered Tim, who was now employed slinging a huge fustian game-bag, with a net-work front, over his right shoulder to counterbalance two full shot-belts which were already thrown across the other—"a bottle of champagne, sur—a cold roast chicken—t' Cheshire cheese—and t' pilot biscuits—Is your dram bottle filled wi' t' whiskey, please sur?"

"Aye! aye! Tim!—Now let loose the dogs—carry a pair of couples and a leash along with you—and mind, you gentlemen, Tim carries shot for all hands; and luncheon!—but each one finds his own powder, caps, &c.—and any one who wants a dram, carries his own!—the devil-a-one of you gets a sup out of my bottle, or a charge out of my flask!—that's right, old Trojan, is'nt it?" with a good slap on Tom's broad shoulders.

"Shot! Shot—why Shot! don't you know me, old dog?"—cried Tom as the two setters bounded into the room, joyful at their release —"good dog! good Chase!" feeding them with great lumps of beef.

"Avast! there Tom—be done with that," cried Harry—"you'll have the dogs so full that they can't run!"

"Why, how'd you like to hunt all day without your breakfast—hey?"

"Here, lads! here lads! wh-e-ew!" and followed by his setters, with his gun under his arm, away went Harry; and catching up our pieces likewise, we followed, nothing loth, Tim bringing up the rear with the two spaniels fretting in their couples, and a huge black thorn cudgel, which he had brought, as he informed me, "all t' way from bonny Cawoods."

It was as beautiful a morning as ever lighted sportsmen to their labors. The dew, exhaled already from the long grass, still glittered here and there upon the shrubs and trees, though a soft fresh south-western breeze was shaking it thence momently in bright and rustling showers—the sun, but newly risen and as yet partially enveloped in the thin gauze-like mists, so frequent at that season, was casting shadows, seemingly endless, from every object that intercepted his low rays, and chequering the whole landscape with that play of light and shade, which is the loveliest accessary to a lovely scene—and lovely was the scene, indeed, as e'er was looked upon by painter's or by poet's eye—how then should humble prose do justice to it? Seated upon the first slope of a gentle hill, midway of the great valley heretofore described, the village looked due south, toward the chains of mountains, which we had crossed on the preceding evening, and which in that direction bounded the landscape. These ridges, cultivated halfway up their swelling sides, which lay mapped out before our eyes in all the various beauty of orchards, yellow stubbles, and rich pastures dotted with sleek and comely cattle, were rendered yet more lovely and romantic, by here and there a woody gorge, or rocky chasm, channelling their smooth flanks, and carrying down their tributary rills, to swell the main stream at their base. Toward these we took our way by the same road, which we had followed in an opposite direction on the previous night—but for a short space only—for having crossed the stream by the same bridge, which we had passed on entering the village, Tom Draw pulled down a set of bars to the left, and strode out manfully into the stubble.

"Hold up, good lads!—whe-ew—whewt!"—and away went the setters through the moist stubble, heads up and sterns down, like fox-hounds on a breast-high scent, yet under the most perfect discipline; for at the very first note of Harry's whistle, even when racing at the top of their pace, they would turn simultaneously, alter their course, cross each other at right angles, and quarter the whole field, leaving no foot of ground unbeaten.

No game, however, in this instance, rewarded their exertions; and on we went across a meadow, and two other stubbles, with the like result—but now we crossed a gentle hill; and, at its base, came on a level tract, containing at the most, ten acres of marsh land, overgrown with high coarse grass and flags—Beyond this, on the right, was a steep rocky hillock, covered with tall and thrifty timber of some thirty years' growth, b ⁊ wholly free from underwood;—along the left-hand

fence ran a thick belt of underwood, sumach and birch, with a few young oak trees interspersed;—but in the middle of the swampy level, covering at most some five or six acres, was a dense circular thicket composed of every sort of thorny bush and shrub, matted with cat-briars and wild vine, and overshadowed by a clump of tall and leafy ashes, which had not as yet lost one atom of their foliage, although the underwood beneath them was quite sere and leafless.

"Now then," cried Harry, "this is the 'Squire's swamp-hole,'—now for a dozen cock! hey Tom?—Here, couple up the setters, Tim; and let the spaniels loose—now Flash! now Dan! down charge, you little villains!"—and the well broke brutes, dropped on the instant—"How must we beat this cursed hole?"

"You must go through the very thick of it, G—d d—n you!"—exclaimed Tom, "at your old work already, hey? trying to shirk at first!"

"Don't swear so! you old reprobate—I know my place, depend on it"—cried Archer—"but what to do with the rest of you!—there's the rub!"

"Not a bit of it"—cried Tom—"here, Yorkshire—Ducklegs—here, what's your name—get away you with those big dogs—atwixt' the swamp hole, and the brush there by the fence, and look out that you mark every bird to an inch!—You Mr. Forester, go in there, under that butter-nut; you'll find a blind track there right through the brush—keep that, twixt Tim and Mr. Archer; and keep your eyes about you—there'll be a cock up before you're ten yards in—Archer, you'll go right through—and I'll ———."

"You'll keep well forward on the right—and mind that no bird crosses to the hill—we never get them, if they once get over!—All right—In with you now! Steady, Flash! steady! hie up, Dan!" and in a moment Harry was out of sight among the brush wood, though his progress might be traced by the continual crackling of the thick underwood.

Scarce had I passed the butter-nut, when, even as Tom had said, up flapped a woodcock scarcely ten yards before me in the open path, and rising heavily to clear the branches of a tall thorn bush, shewed me his full black eye, and tawny breast, as fair a shot as could be fancied—"Mark!" holloaed Harry to my right, his quick ear having caught the flap of the bird's wing, as he rose—"Mark cock—Frank!" Well—steadily enough, as I thought, I pitched my gun up! covered my bird fairly! pulled!—the trigger gave not to my finger. I tried the other—"Devil's in it, I had forgot to cock my gun!"—and ere I could retrieve my error, the bird had topped the bush, dodged out of sight, and off—"mark! mark!—Tim"—I shouted—

"Ey! ey! sur, Ay see's um!"

"Why, how's that, Frank?" cried Harry—"could'nt you get a shot?"

"Forgot to cock my gun," I cried—but at the self same moment the quick sharp yelping of the spaniels came on my ear—"steady, Flash! steady, sir!—mark!"—but close upon the word, came the full round report of Harry's gun—"mark! again!" shouted Harry, and again his own piece sent its loud ringing voice abroad—"mark! now a third! mark, Frank!"—

And as he spoke I caught the quick rush of his wing, and saw him

dart across a space, a few yards to my right—I felt my hand shake; I had not pulled a trigger in ten months, but in a second's space I rallied—there was an opening just before me between a stumpy thick thorn-bush which had saved the last bird—it was not two yards over—he glanced across it!—he was gone—just as my barrel sent its charge into the splintered branches!—

"Beautiful!"—shouted Harry, who, looking through a cross glade, saw the bird fall, which I could not—"beautiful shot, Frank! Do all your work like that, and we'll get twenty couple before night!"—

"Have I killed him?" answered I, half doubting if he were not quizzing me.

"Killed him? of course you have; doubled him up completely!—but look sharp, there are more birds before me! I can hardly keep the dogs down, now!—There! there goes one—clean out of shot of me, though—mark! mark, Tom!—Gad, how the fat dog 's running"—he continued—"he sees him—ten to one he gets him!—there he goes—bang!—a long shot, and killed clean!"—

"Ready!"—cried I—"I'm ready, Archer!"—

"Bag your bird then—he lies under that dock leaf, at the foot of yon red maple—that's it—you've got him!—steady now, till Tom gets loaded!"—

"What did you do?" asked I, "you fired twice, I think!"

"Killed two!" he answered—"ready now" and on he went, smashing away the boughs before him, while ever anon I heard his cheery voice, calling or whistling to his dogs, or rousing up the tenants of some thickets into which even he could not force his way;—and I, creeping, as best I might, among the tangled brush, now plunging half thigh deep in holes full of tenacious mire, now blundering over the moss-covered stubs, pressed forward, fancying every instant that the rustling of the briars against my jacket was the flip-flap of a rising woodcock.—Suddenly, after bursting through a mass of thorns and wild-vine, which was in truth almost impassable, I came upon a little grassy spot quite clear of trees, and covered with the tenderest verdure, through which a narrow rill stole silently; and as I set my first foot on it, up jumped, with his beautiful variegated back all reddened by the sunbeams, a fine and full-fed woodcock, with the peculiar twitter which he utters when surprised.—He had not gone ten yards, however, before my gun was at my shoulder and the trigger drawn—before I heard the crack I saw him cringe; and, as the white smoke drifted off to leeward, he fell heavily, completely riddled by the shot, into the brake before me—while at the same moment whirr-r-r! up sprung a bevy of twenty quail, at least, startling me for the moment by the thick whizzing of their wings, and skirring over the underwood right toward Archer.—"mark, quail!"—I shouted, and, recovering instantly my nerves, fired my one remaining barrel after the last bird—it was a long shot, yet I struck him fairly—and he rose instantly right upward, towering high! high! into the clear blue sky, and soaring still till his life left him in the air, and he fell like a stone, plump downward!—"mark him! Tim!"—

"Ey! ey! sur—he's a de-ad un, that's a sure thing!"

At my shot all the bevy rose a little, yet altered not their course the least, wheeling across the thicket directly round the front of Archer,

whose whereabout I knew, though I could neither see nor hear him. So high did they fly that I could observe them clearly, every bird well defined against the sunny heavens—I watched them eagerly—suddenly one turned over, a cloud of feathers streamed off down the wind;—and then, before the sound of the first shot had reached my ears, a second pitched a few yards upward, and after a heavy flutter, followed its hapless comrade. Turned by the fall of the two leading birds, the bevy again wheeled, still rising higher and now flying very fast; so that as I saw bythe direction which they took, theywould probably give Draw a chance of getting in both barrels,—and so indeed it was—for, as before, long ere I caught the booming echoes of his heavy gun, I saw two birds keeled over—and, almost at the self-same instant, the cheery shout of Tim announced to me that he had bagged my towered bird! After a little pause again we started, and, hailing one another now and then, gradually forced our way through brake and briar toward the outward verge of the dense covert—before we met again, however, I had the luck to pick up a third woodcock, and as I heard another double shot from Archer, and two single bangs from Draw, I judged that my companions had not been less successful than myself. At last, emerging from the thicket, we all converged, as to a common point, toward Tim; who with his game-bag on the ground, with its capacious mouth wide open to receive our game, sat on a stump with the two setters at a charge beside him.

"What do we score?" cried I, as we drew near—"what do we score?"

"I have four woodcock, and a brace of quail," said Harry.

"And I—two cock, and a brace! cried Tom—"and missed another cock—but he's down in the meadow here, behind that 'ere stump alder!"

"And I—three woodcock, and one quail!"—I chimed in, nought abashed.

"And Ay'se marked doon three woodcock—two more beside yon big un, that measter Draa made siccan a bungle of—and all t' quail—every feather on um—doon i' t' bog meadows yonner—ooh! but we'se mak grand sport o' t!" interposed Tim, now busily employed stringing bird after bird up by the head, with loops and buttons in the game-bag!

"Well done then, all!" said Harry—"nine timber-doodles and five quail, and only one shot missed—that's not bad shooting, considering what a hole it is to shoot in. Gentlemen, here's your health," and filling himself out a fair sized wine-glass-full of Farentosh, into the silver cup of his dram bottle, he tossed it off; and then poured out a similar libation for Tim Matlock. Tom and myself, nothing loth, obeyed the hint, and sipped our modicums of distilled waters out of our private flasks. "Now then," cried Archer, "let us pick up these scattering birds—Tom Draw, you can get yours without a dog!—and now Tim, where are yours?"

"T' first lies oop yonner in yon boonch of brachens, ahint t' big scarlet maple—and t' other" ———

"Well! I'll go to the first—you take Mr. Forester to the other, and when we have bagged all three, we'll meet at the bog meadow fence, and then hie at the bevy!"

This job was soon done, for Draw and Harry bagged their birds cleverly at the first rise; and although mine got off at first without a shot, by dodging round a birch tree straight in Tim's face, and flew back slap toward the thicket, yet he pitched in its outer skirt, and as he jumped up wild I cut him down with a broken pinion and a shot through his bill at fifty yards, and Chase retrieved him well.

"Cleverly stopped, indeed!" Frank holloaed, "and by no means an easy shot! and so our work's clean done for this place, at the least!"

"The boy *can* shoot *some*," observed Tom Draw, who loved to bother Timothy—"the boy *can* shoot *some*, though he do come from Yorkshire!"

"God! and Ay wush Ay'd no but gotten thee i' Yorkshire, measter Draa!" responded Tim.

"Why! what if you had got me there?"

"What?—whoy, Ay'd clap thee iv a cage, and hug thee round to t' feasts and fairs loike—and shew thee to t' folks at so mooch a head—Ay'se sure Ay'd mak a fortune o' t!"

"He has you there, Tom—Ha! ha! ha!"—laughed Archer—"Tim's down upon you there, by George—Now, Frank, do fancy Tom Draw in a cage at Borough-bridge or Catterick fair!—Lord! how the folks would pay to look at him—fancy the sign-board too—the Great American Man-mammoth!—ha! ha! ha!—but come, we must not stay here talking nonsense, or we shall do no good—shew me, Tim, where are the quail?"

"Doon i' t' bog meadow yonner!—joost i' t' slack, see thee, there!" pointing with the stout black thorn—"amang yon bits o' bushes!"

"Very well—that's it, now let go the setters, take Flash and Dan along with you, and cut across the country as straight as you can go to the spring head, where we lunched last year—that day, you know Tom, when McTavish frightened the bull out of the meadow—under the pin-oak tree. Well! put the champagne in the spring to cool, and rest yourself there till we come; we shan't be long behind you!"

Away went Tim, stopping from time to time, to mark our progress, and over the fence into the bog meadow we proceeded—a rascally piece of broken tussocky ground, with black mud knee-deep between the hags, all covered with long grass. The third step I took, over I went upon my nose, but luckily avoided shoving my gun-barrels into the filthy mire. "Steady, Frank, steady! I'm ashamed of you"—said Harry—"so hot and so impetuous; and your gun too at the full cock—that's the reason, man, why you missed your first bird this morning. I never cock either barrel till I see my bird; and, if a bevy rises, one only at a time! The birds will lie like stones here—and we cannot walk too slow! Steady, Shot, have a care, sir!"

Never in all my life did I see anything more perfect than the style in which the setters drew those bogs—there was no more of racing—no more impetuous dash—it seemed as if they knew the birds were close before them. At a slow trot, their sterns whipping their flanks at every step, they threaded the high tussocks.—See! the red dog straightens his neck, and snuffs the air.

"Look to! look to! Frank—they are close before old Chase!"

Now he draws on again, crouching close to the earth—"Toho! Shot!"—now he stands—no! no! not yet—at least he is not certain!

—he turns his head to catch his master's eye—now his stern moves a little—he draws on again. There! he is sure now! what a picture —his black full eye intently glaring, though he cannot see anything in that thick mass of herbage—his nostril wide expanded, his lips slavering from intense excitement—his whole form motionless, and sharply drawn, and rigid, even to the straight stern and lifted foot, as a block wrought to mimic life by some skilful sculptor's chisel,—and scarce ten yards behind, his liver-colored comrade backs him—as firm, as stationary, as immoveable, but in his attitude, how different!—Chase feels the hot scent steaming up under his very nostril—feels it in every nerve, and quivers with anxiety to dash on his prey, even while perfectly restrained and steady—Shot, on the contrary, though a few minute's since he too was drawing, knows nothing of himself, perceives no indication of the game's near presence, although improved by discipline, his instinct tells him that his mate has found them. Hence the same rigid form, stiff tail, and constrained attitude, but in his face—for dogs *have* faces, —there is none of that tense energy, that evident anxiety—there is no frown upon his brow—no glare in his mild open eye—no slaver on his lip!

"Come up, Tom,—come up, Frank, they are all here—we must get in six barrels—they will not move—come up, I say!"

"And on we came, deliberately prompt, and ready—now we were all in line—Harry the centre man—I on the right, and Tom on the left hand!—The attitude of Archer was superb—his legs, set a little way apart, as firm as if they had been rooted in the soil—his form drawn back a little, and his head erect, with his eye fixed upon the dogs—his gun held in both hands, across his person, the muzzle slightly elevated, his left grasping the trigger guard—the thumb of the right resting upon the hammer, and the fore finger on the trigger of the left hand barrel—but as he had said, neither cocked!—"Fall back, Tom, if you please, five yards or so"—he said, as coolly as if he were completely unconcerned—"and you come forward, Frank, as many—I want to drive them to the left, into those low red bushes,—that will do—now then, I'll flush them—never mind me, boys, I'll reserve my fire"—and, as he spoke, he moved a yard or two in front of us, and under his very feet, positively startling me by their noisy flutter, up sprung the gallant bevy—fifteen or sixteen well grown birds, crowding and jostling one against the other—Tom Draw's gun, as I well believe, was at his shoulder when they rose—at least his first shot was discharged before they had flown half a rood, and of course harmlessly —the charge must have been driven through them like a single ball— his second barrel instantly succeeded, and down came two birds, caught in the act of crossing—I am myself a quick shot—*too* quick if anything—yet my first barrel was exploded a moment after Tom Draw's second—the other followed, and I had the satisfaction of bringing both my birds down handsomely—then up went Harry's piece—the bevy being now thirty or thirty-five yards distant—cocking it as it rose, he pulled the trigger almost before it touched his shoulder, so rapid was the movement; and, though he lowered the stock a little to cock the second barrel, a moment scarcely passed between the two reports—and almost on the instant two quail were fluttering out their lives among the bog grass. Dropping his but, without a word, or even

a glance, to the dogs, he quietly went on to load—nor indeed was it needed! at the first shot they dropped into the grass, and there they lay as motionless as if they had been dead, with their heads crouched between their paws—nor did they stir thence till the tick of the gun-locks announced that we again were ready. Then lifting up their heads, and rising on their fore-feet, they sate half erect, eagerly waiting for the signal.

"Hold up, good lads!" and on they drew, and in an instant pointed on two several birds—"Fetch!" and each brought his burthen to our feet—six birds were bagged at that rise, and thus before eleven o'clock we had picked up a dozen cock, and within one of the same number of fine quail, with only two shots missed.—The poor remainder of the bevy had dropped, singly, and scattered, in the red bushes, whither we instantly pursued them, and where we got six more—making a total of seventeen birds bagged out of a bevy twenty strong at first.—One towered bird of Harry's—certainly killed dead—we could not with all our efforts bring to bag!—one bird Tom Draw missed clean; and the remaining one we could not find again—another dram of whiskey, and into Seer's great swamp we started—a large piece of woodland, with every kind of lying.—At one end it was open, with soft black loamy soil, covered with docks and colts-foot leaves under the shade of large but leafless willows, and here we picked up a good many scattered woodcock; afterward we got into heavy thicket with much tangled grass, wherein we flushed a bevy, but they all took to tree, and we made very little of them—and here Tom Draw began to blow and labor—the covert was too thick, the bottom too deep and unsteady for him. Archer perceiving this, sent him at once to the outside; and three times, as we went along, ourselves moving nothing, we heard the round reports of his large calibre—"a bird at every shot, I'd stake my life"—said Harry, "he never misses cross shots in the open!"—at the same instant, a tremendous rush of wings burst from the heaviest thicket—"Mark! partridge! partridge!" and as I caught a glimpse of a dozen large birds fluttering up, one close upon the other, and darting away as straight and nearly as fast as bullets through the dense branches of a cedar brake,—I saw the flashes of both Harry's barrels, almost simultaneously discharged—and at the same time over went the objects of his aim;—but ere I could get up my gun the rest were out of sight.—"You must shoot, Frank, like lightning to kill these beggars—they are the Ruffed Grouse, though they call them partridge here—see! are they not fine fellows?"

Another hour's beating, in which we still kept picking up, from time to time, some scattering birds, brought us to the spring head, where we found Tim with luncheon ready, and our fat friend reposing at his side, with two more partridge, and a rabbit which he had bagged along the covert's edge!—Cool was the Star champagne; and capital was the cold fowl and Cheshire cheese; and most delicious was the repose that followed, enlivened by gay wit and free good humor, soothed by the fragrance of the exquisite cheroots, and moistened by the last drops of the Farentosh qualified by the chrystal waters of the spring. After an hour's rest, we counted up our spoil—Four ruffed grouse, nineteen woodcock, with ten brace and a half of quail besides the bunny, made up our score—done comfortably in four hours.

"Now we have finished for to-day with quail," said Archer—"but we'll get full ten couple more of woodcock—come, let's be stirring—hang up your game-bag in the tree, and tie the setters to the fence—I want you in with me to beat, Tim—you two chaps must both keep the outside!—you all the time, Tom; you, Frank, till you get to that tall thunder-shivered ash tree; turn in there, and follow up the margin of a wide slank you will see;—but be careful, the mud is very deep, and dangerous in places!—now then, here goes!"—and in he went, jumping a narrow streamlet into a point of thicket, through which he drove by main force;—scarce had he got six yards into the brake, before both spaniels quested; and, to my no small wonder, the jungle seemed alive with woodcock—eight or nine at the least, flapped up at once, and skimmed along the tongue of coppice toward the high wood, which ran along the valley, as I learned afterward, for full three miles in length—while four or five more wheeled off to the sides, giving myself and Draw fair shots, by which we did not fail to profit; but I confess it was with absolute astonishment that I saw two of those turned over, which flew inward, killed by the marvellously quick and unerring aim of Archer, where a less thorough sportsman would have been quite unable to discharge a gun at all, so dense was the tangled jungle! Throughout the whole length of that skirt of coppice, a hundred and fifty yards, I should suppose at the extent, the birds kept rising as it were incessantly—thirty-five, or I think nearly forty, being flushed in less than twenty minutes—although comparatively few were killed, partly from the difficulty of the ground, and partly from their getting up by fours and fives at once. Into the high wood, however, at the last we drove them; and there, till daylight failed us, we did our work like men! By the cold light of the full moon, we wended homeward, rejoicing in the possession of twenty-six couple and a half of cock—twelve brace of quail—we found another bevy on our way home and bagged three birds by moonlight—five ruffed grouse, and a rabbit. Before our wet clothes were well changed, supper was ready, and a good blow-out was followed by sound slumbers and sweet dreams, fairly earned by nine hours of incessant walking!

TEN MINUTES' RUN WITH A WOLF.

"1*st Hunter.* Well, brother, what sport?
2*d Hunter.* I've bagged a Wolf!
1*st H.* A Wolf!
2*d H.* Yes, and a d—d old one, too!" OLD PLAY.

"The Bobtail"* from Billesdon though famous in story,
Could ne'er hold a candle to "Piggy"† for glory;
And a Wolf is a beast—though I ne'er knew one did—
Who can run without stopping from Tours to Madrid." HAWKE.

NEW YORK, June 13th, 1839.

MR. EDITOR—While strolling a few evenings since through the American Museum in your city, with a sportsman of the "Old School," my attention was drawn to the figure of a Wolf, which (by the bye) is admirably preserved, and represented in a springing attitude. The very position of the Wolf recalled a scene that had long since slumbered, and if you think the anecdote worthy of record "here you have it."

* "The Bobtail," a well known fox at Billesdon, Leicestershire, in the olden times.
† "Piggy," the Wild Boar.

It was on a lovely autumnal morning in the month of October, 1832, that I trotted along with a small party of right good sportsmen towards the forest of Villandry, in the South of France. We were bent on unkennelling a grisly old wolf, a regular "Artful Dodger," who had given us the slip on more than one occasion. As we jogged along all in the highest spirits, the laugh and the joke went round, and we were within three miles of the "rendezvous" when we met Old Degrasse, our garde de chasse. The old man was quite out of breath, and pointing to a small covert about a quarter of a mile from the road he exclaimed, "Messieurs! Messieurs! le vieux martin est la—le gros loup que vous avez chassez autrefois, est dans ce petite bois."

Calling a halt each man carefully loaded his "fusee," and after arranging the plan of attack, we were soon near the retreat of our old friend. According to the French custom, each sportsman posted himself at a certain point by the cover-side, and it fell to my lot to be stationed about 150 yards on the left of my old friend the Hon. Martin Hawke, one of the best sportsmen in the world, and as fine a horseman as ever threw his leg over a "pigskin." Old Charles, our huntsman, having given us time to take our posts, uncoupled his hounds, consisting of fourteen couple of the best French and English blood. In a few minutes we heard the deep and pleasing notes of Musico, Tonnere, Fannor, and Bravo, backed by the light "whip, whip, whip," of President, Polydore, Mariner, and Merrylass (English dogs). In less than five minutes away stole the wolf at best pace, with his head down and stern extended, with the fourteen couple close at him, midway between Mr. Hawke and myself. At him we went full tilt; there was no shelter for him within three miles, and acting on the principle that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

he made for the forest at full speed. The wolf had nearly eighty yards start before we could let our horses out, and my Honorable friend was minus his hat and wig before we had gone a mile and a half; nothing daunted, in went the "persuaders," and we took hedge and ditch in pursuit, with our guns in hand, till we arrived within a few hundred yards of the point ahead, when the wolf inclined rather to the right, which gave my friend an advantage which his unerring eye at once perceived, and as the wolf sprang over the ditch which separated him from the cover, Mr. Hawke, now about thirty yards behind him, at full speed, fired with his right arm extended. The ball took effect immediately above the rectum, and penetrating the body came out at the shoulder, the wolf falling dead on the opposite bank. Long before our brother sportsmen were "up" the neighboring hills had re-echoed our loud "who-whoop! who-whoop!" and they viewed with astonishment the grim monster stretched on the bank, with the hounds tearing and baying around him. I have had the luck to be "in at the death" of many a wolf, but never witnessed a chase so "short, sharp, and decisive" as the one I send you.

Mr. Editor, a sea will soon separate us, but I hope ere long to have another look at your sports, and wishing you cordially success,

I remain very truly yours, Κυνηγος.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES.

THE eyes of the horse you intend to purchase being sound, the next part to be examined is the nose. For this purpose, pinch the nostrils together so as to prevent him from breathing for about a minute. On removing the hand the horse will snort, and you will then be able to see whether he blow out any thick tenacious mucus; if so, he has probably a cold, and possibly the glanders. In the latter disease the mucus is frequently fetid, and streaked with blood, and there are glandular enlargements under the jaws. Where these last exist, in combination with a foul and sometimes bloody discharge from the nostrils, if you are not a veterinary surgeon, and capable of ascertaining, that, instead of the glanders, the horse has a severe cold with the remains of a swelling left by the strangles (a disease to which every horse is liable), have nothing whatever to do with him, and if you err, it will at least be on the safe side. But, unless you should be tempted by a fine horse, suffering from a heavy cold, being offered to you at a low price, that complaint alone, setting aside any dread of glanders, should be sufficient to deter you from buying him; for many horses are simultaneously attacked by inflammation of the wind-pipe, which is a species of influenza, or *distemper*, as it is generally termed, to which of late years horses in this country have been peculiarly obnoxious, and, on recovering from which, very many are found complete roarers, or in some degree touched in the wind. The roaring in these cases is commonly produced by the permanent thickening of the wind-pipe in some part or other (a common result of inflammation), which, by diminishing the natural calibre of that tube, impedes the free exit of the air from the lungs. Of roaring, and the best mode of detecting it, I shall have to speak in its proper place.

It is certainly, in some cases, a point requiring very nice discrimination to detect the difference between the two complaints I have mentioned when glandular swellings under the jaw accompany a cold, and I would not advise any person to become the purchaser of a horse in the latter state, without previously consulting some veterinary surgeon of eminence, and being sure that the horse on recovery will be worth much more than the price asked for him. I have heard of a race-horse, (belonging I think to the late Duke of Bedford) that happened to fall into the state I have mentioned, and was sold at Smithfield for two pounds as a glandered horse. His owner commenced feeding him on hot grains put into a nose-bag, and the head being thus frequently kept in a sort of vapor-bath, the horse, whose complaint was really a very severe cold, after a time recovered, and was bought back by his former master for a very large sum. Such anecdotes as these, whether true or false, usually make too great an impression upon men who are rather sanguine on the subject of horses, and they are apt, without consideration, to make up their minds to buy the first

* Continued from page 308.

fine-looking but suspicious animal they may meet with, in the hope that a similar piece of good fortune awaits them. It is, however, much better, and will in the end be found more advantageous, to give a fair sum for a sound and promising horse, than to buy a screw even for a song.

The next part requiring examination is the mouth, both for the purpose of ascertaining if any disease exist there, and for determining the age of a horse by the appearance of the teeth. On this latter point I shall briefly confine myself to a description of the marks by which the age up to eight or ten years may be pretty correctly determined, leaving the subject of the anatomical changes in the mouth to abler hands. A horse at five years of age has forty teeth, of which twenty-four are grinders, situated far back in the jaw, and with which we have little to do. The teeth of the colt are very easily distinguished from those of the horse by their peculiar whiteness and want of size. A colt, up to the age of three years, has no permanent front teeth, or nippers, but there are marks, especially about the grinders, by which the difference of age may be ascertained. Thus, the first grinder on each side will be found a permanent tooth at two years of age, and the general appearance of the colt, his size and development of muscle, will distinguish him from the yearling. Moreover the tail of a yearling colt is curly and short in comparison to that of a two-year-old, at which period the tail begins to grow straight, and the coat loses the rough appearance which it has up to this time. At three years of age the two centre nippers will have given way to the permanent teeth, which are larger and more yellow than their predecessors. Thus a colt at this period will have in front of each jaw two permanent and four colt's teeth. A year later you will find that two more sucking teeth have been replaced by the permanent or horse's teeth, and there will then consequently be four of the latter and two of the former in front of each jaw. This change *begins* to take place some months before the age of four years, at which time the growth of the permanent teeth is complete. At this period the cunning dealer draws the remaining colt's teeth, and will pass a mare off as being full five years old, by bidding you remark that she has no colt's teeth; nor will he scruple to say the same of a horse if he thinks his customer rather green. But you must in the first case notice the number of teeth in the jaw, and in the second remark that the tush is wanting.—Now horses invariably have tushes, whereas in the mare's mouth they are in almost every case wanting. Extraction of the colt's teeth generally accelerates the appearance of the permanent teeth by which they are replaced; but as the trick is generally resorted to with a forward and well-grown colt, you can only be deceived in his age by a few months, and that is not of much consequence.

At four years and a half the corner teeth are found to have given way to the permanent nippers, which are fully developed at the beginning of the fifth year; and the tush, which pushes through the gum about the same period, and which is situated a little posterior to the front teeth, is also at the same time nearly full grown. In each corner permanent tooth will be remarked a deep depression, shelving away from the fore part of the tooth nearly to the gum posteriorly.—Its color is black, or nearly so, and this is called the *mark* in a horse's

mouth. Before six years of age the tush is full grown, and has a slight groove on its internal surface (which gradually disappears with age, the tush itself becoming more rounded and blunt), and at six the mark in the corner nipper no longer appears to dip down to the gum, but looks like a hole made in the enamel of the tooth. This hole very nearly disappears at the age of seven years (more especially in the mare), but the black mark still remains in the centre of the tooth, and is not totally worn away until the horse be full eight years old.—At this time he is said to be *aged*, because, after this period, there are no certain and infallible marks by which his age can be determined. Nevertheless an acute observer will not be very much mistaken in this particular for a year or two, even after all the marks in the tooth are obliterated. It is absolutely impossible to give, with any degree of accuracy, an account of those appearances which lead a good judge of horse-flesh to make up his mind as to the probable age of a horse after he has turned his eighth year, as nothing but experience can give this *acumen*, which to some men comes much more naturally than to others. However, as far as description will avail, I shall endeavor to point out those signs of age which do not altogether depend upon the mouth, and observation must do the rest.

In the first place, after the age of eight years, the teeth, on account of the shrinking of the gums, begin to appear elongated, and this increase in their length augments every year, together with other constitutional signs, which, when present in a great degree, can leave no doubt of the antiquity of their possessor. Of these I shall speak presently. Many people insist that the marks in the nippers of the upper jaw remain longer than those in the lower jaw, owing to the former being a fixed point upon which the latter is moved. Of this I am not prepared to say any thing, as I have always satisfied myself with the appearances I have already described and those I have still to mention. As the age of a horse increases, the teeth, in addition to becoming longer, lose their upright position and project forward, the upper teeth more particularly. They assume also an arched form, like the teeth of the tiger, and frequently become so prominent as to be much in advance of the teeth of the lower jaw. The ridges in the soft palate also become nearly obliterated; the muscles shrink, particularly about the jaws and neck; there is a deep pit above either eye; the back becomes hollow; and the posterior lip falls away from the jaw, or hangs much lower than its fellow. Grey hairs begin to be found sprinkled here and there about the dark-colored horse, especially about the face, and often in the mane, and the naturally grey horse becomes white. Added to this, there is an expression about the countenance which speaks of labor done and by-gone years, which it is as impossible to mistake as to describe. When all or most of these signs are combined in a horse, I would say,

"Hunc tu caveto,"

for a very old horse is a very bad subject for speculation. Your trouble in endeavoring to put him into condition will, with your corn, be quite thrown away; and perhaps, before you can get back your purchase money, the ravenous stomach of a pack of fox-hounds will have afforded a grave to the mortal remains of your venerable quadruped.

It is always necessary to examine the physical signs of age generally in the horse in addition to those furnished by the teeth; for, of course, the appearances of youth, adding considerably to his value, have in some measure been imitated by the tricks of "the fraternity," and principally in the following way:—When the marks are obliterated from the teeth, they are to some extent reproduced by the aid of a graving instrument, and the rasp speedily reduces their length. A hot iron is afterwards introduced into the hollow made in the corner teeth, in order to occasion a blackish mark; but this is seldom effected in a natural manner, for the mark is of a brownish hue, and moreover, a ring of a lighter brown encircling it is occasioned by the heat of the instrument employed. This operation has received—why I cannot say—the name of *bishoping*. Just before a bishoped horse is shown, it is usual to give him a few hard beans, the chewing which produces a deal of saliva, which prevents, in some instances, the detection of the imposition that has been practised.

In addition to this, a very small incision is made in the skin of the pit above the eye, and a blow-pipe being introduced, the cellular membrane is inflated until the hollow nearly disappears, after which the skin is pinched, or some adhesive matter placed on the incised part, to prevent the escape of the air.

When a low dealer cannot get at the tools needful for these artifices, or is not expert in their use, the most common trick played is the following. He stands by the horse in his stall, takes hold of his mouth, and then with one hand immediately strikes him on the lips.—This causes the horse to jerk up his head, and the manœuvre is repeated until he will not allow his mouth to be touched.

If by coaxing and gentle treatment you prevail on the horse to let you handle his head, a menace with a whip, scarcely perceived by you, sets the horse dancing immediately, for all dealers' horses are quite as well acquainted with the nature of a thong as the whip-maker who manufactured it. The dealer's man at last, seeing you bent on examining the mouth, succeeds in laying hold of the nose with one hand, and with the other, pretending to coax him and get his head down, slips the tip of his finger into his eye just as you are about to commence your inspection, and away goes the horse's head into the air immediately. All this while both master and man are assuring you with many oaths that the horse is just six years old, or at most seven—for be it known no dealer ever yet sold a horse of greater age—and at last perhaps, wearied out with your efforts, you are content to take their word on the very slight chance of their telling the truth for once. If, however, they acknowledge to seven years old, be assured the horse is aged, and perhaps five or six years older than he is represented to be. You must therefore note the other signs of age which I have enumerated; and I should also strenuously advise you to tell the dealer quietly that you *will* see the horse's mouth, even if it be necessary to apply the twitch for that purpose; and if he still throws any objection in your way, say at once that if you cannot inspect his teeth he will not suit you. This will never fail to bring your man to his senses, particularly when he sees he has not a flat to deal with.

Besides the examination of the marks in a horse's teeth, there are

some complaints of the mouth which it will be as well to notice, although I am not acquainted with any so serious as to deter any one from becoming a purchaser.

First then, there is a complaint called *Lampas*, to which all horses, especially when young, are subject. It consists in an enlargement and fulness of the palate, which projects beyond the teeth and prevents the animal from masticating his food. It is easily cured by scarification and astringent applications, the best of which perhaps is a mixture of salt and vinegar.

Ulcers of the mouth are not uncommon from sharp bitts, and occasionally a small portion of bone will exfoliate from the same cause. In this latter case the fetid smell of the breath will lead you to detect the complaint, which is seldom serious if the cause producing it be removed.

Occasionally a general redness of the membrane lining the mouth or some part of it, will be observed, and—upon examining the grinders, which you will best do by pulling out the horse's tongue and holding it to one side—you will perceive a raggedness or elongation of one or more of them, which being removed by a rasp, the irritation of the mouth soon ceases.

On account of this latter malformation, horses, being unable to masticate their food, throw it up in small balls, which may sometimes be found in the manger. The same effect is produced by sore throat or any other impediment to deglutition, and such horses are termed *Quidders*. The natural consequence of quidding is of course low condition, and on this ground it is a habit which materially lessens the value of a horse so long as it lasts. In the case of elongated or ragged teeth giving rise to quidding, the evil is very easily removed; but where it is caused by sore throat, you must bear in mind that there is such a thing as influenza or distemper, of which complaint this is a prominent symptom, and also that its consequences are not unfrequently roaring, whistling or piping, chronic cough, or diseased lungs in some shape or other. Do not therefore buy a horse while he has a sore throat; but, if he please you in other respects, wait a couple of days and then examine him again, by which means you will see if the complaint have made any progress or not.

I have a word or two to say respecting the tongue. A short time ago a carter was brought before a magistrate for cruelty to a horse, inasmuch as, according to the statement of his accuser, he cut out the tongue of the horse he was driving. The man pleaded that he had no intention whatever of doing so, but as the horse would not back, he had jerked him suddenly with the bitt, and, to use his own expression, "the tongue jumped out of his mouth." At the time I read this I certainly did not credit the man's statement, deeming it impossible that a blunt instrument like a bitt could have produced such an effect. It has, however, since happened to me very nearly to do the same thing. A mare of mine, after having been bridled, made a dart out of the stable, when I caught the curb rein, and giving a smart jerk, cut her tongue more than half through. I did nothing whatever to it; the bleeding soon stopped, and in a few days it healed perfectly; but so deep was the cut that I had my apprehensions lest the part by which one half of the tongue adhered to the remainder should not be sufficient

for its nourishment, and should become gangrenous and drop off. This accident has been a lesson to me which I shall not forget, and as it may happen to others as well as myself, my advice to you is, that while you are looking into a horse's mouth you may as well take a peep at his tongue.

Having satisfactorily ascertained the age of the horse you are about to purchase, you may pass your hand down his neck and assure yourself that there are no swellings in the course of the veins, the principal of which runs along the hollow nearly parallel to the crest at about the lower third of the neck. Swellings situated in the course of the veins and absorbent vessels are a symptom of farcy, a disease which not unfrequently runs into glanders. It is not unusual also, on an examination of these parts, to discover that the large vein of the neck is obliterated from inflammation following bleeding. This is generally considered a very serious evil, but, in truth, if it have existed long, and there be no general puffiness of the parts *above* the spot where this vein is obliterated, it is to be presumed that the neighboring veins have become sufficiently enlarged to carry on the circulation. Many marks of bleeding about the neck should lead you to suspect that the horse has either had a violent attack of illness, or that he is periodically subject to some complaint for the cure of which it is requisite to let blood. The vein on the off-side of the neck is generally preferred for bleeding, inasmuch as a horse, when shewn out to a customer, is always placed with that side against a wall or stable, and the marks of the lancet are therefore not discovered unless the examiner have the precaution to turn the horse round.

Having satisfied yourself of the state of these parts, you may lay your hand on the withers, and assure yourself that no fistulous sores exist there, as it is by no means an uncommon place to find them in. These, where they do exist, although admitting of remedy, are nevertheless generally tedious of cure, especially when they lead to diseased bone, and moreover, when healed, frequently leave an ugly scar, with a hollow in the top of the wither which is anything but ornamental. This disease is similar in its nature to *Poll Evil*, of which I have already spoken.

The shoulders may next be examined for unsightly scars left by tight or hard collars, or occasioned by any other cause, as abscess, &c. In purchasing a horse at the hammer for driving, take care not to infer from mere collar-marks that he is quiet in harness. If you put the question to the auctioneer, it is ten to one (unless he be authorized to warrant him for such a purpose) that he will reply, "I have no instructions about his going in harness, but he has marks of the collar." Now in those cases where a horse having marks of collar-work will nevertheless not draw an ounce, the auctioneer himself may be, and probably is, deceived, for these marks are purposely produced, either by first putting a tight collar on the horse and then working it about, and rubbing his shoulders with it until it produces the requisite scars; or a slight blister is applied in one or two places where the collar generally bears, so as to give the horse the appearance of having worked in harness. Excepting in the case of very low-priced horses, whose owners cannot be supposed to be in the habit of purchasing a new collar for every horse they possess, many marks about the shoul-

ders, so far from giving rise to the supposition that he is accustomed to harness, should lead to the very opposite opinion, for a good horse is always worth a well-fitting collar, the expense of which is trifling.

After the examination of the shoulders comes that of the fore-legs, a most important affair, and one which should never be hurried over. Their proper *position* has already been mentioned, but we have still to consider their defects and the diseases to which they are subject. The principal of these are splents, blows, strains, wind-galls, ring-bone, ossification of the back sinews, speedy-cut, and blemishes from various causes. Any one of these defects, excepting perhaps wind-galls and some blemishes, may produce lameness; therefore where this is occasioned by any cause, it will be needless to look for its origin, unless you think proper to speculate in an unsound horse with a view to his ultimate cure. I have purposely abstained from mentioning lameness of the shoulder, because this really is, in nine cases out of ten, a point upon which good authorities differ so much that I would always advise an opinion to be had from some expert and *well-practised* veterinary surgeon, where this complaint is suspected. I have seen Members of the Veterinary College declare a horse to be lame in the shoulder when he has really been so from disease or injury of the foot; and as for common farriers, they are proverbial for clapping a blister on to the shoulder and a seton in the chest, for every lameness of the fore-legs whose exact seat they cannot readily determine. Where a complaint is occasionally so puzzling to those who have made the disease of the horse their study, it would, therefore, be difficult to point out any method of determining with undeviating accuracy the seat of every lameness of the fore parts; and this is the less required, since lameness anywhere is a very sufficient reason for rejecting a horse altogether. The best criterion of this injury is the pain a horse with shoulder-lameness evinces on elevating the leg, or carrying it backwards, by which the humeral muscles are brought into action. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a good judge may detect a cause of lameness which may be easily removed, and may accordingly, through this knowledge, occasionally pick up a very good bargain.

The splent is an enlargement of some part of the shank bone. Young horses are particularly liable to them, and it is generally remarked, that, as they become older, the splents gradually diminish and very frequently disappear altogether. It is not often that you find a tolerably large splent, if it do not encroach upon the knee-joint or the back sinew, productive of lameness, unless a horse strike it with the foot of the other leg; but, on the other hand, you will sometimes be able to detect a splent, not larger perhaps than a pea, which is acutely sensitive, and gives rise to such lameness as, without experience in this disease, might appear to you quite disproportioned to its cause. If a good horse, having a splent of this description, is to be sold cheap, you need not hesitate to buy him, as a very trifling operation, which will not blemish him, and which consists in simply dividing the *periosteum*, or membrane covering the bone, will generally relieve him. The tension of this membrane by the increased size of the bone occasions the pain which the horse experiences; and once this is removed, he will in many, indeed in most cases, go perfectly sound. This then is one cause of lameness which is easily remediable, and may be de-

tected by pressure upon the affected part, which will make the horse immediately lift his leg, and shew other symptoms of pain, which can leave little doubt on the mind as to the nature of his complaint. A splent running into the knee-joint generally occurs on the inside of the leg, and is sometimes overlooked, unless both knees be carefully examined by standing in front of the horse.

It is not my intention, in this portion of my treatise at least, to dilate upon the proper means to be adopted for the cure of the ordinary diseases of a horse which really do not demand the attendance of a veterinary surgeon; but as I have mentioned the practice of dividing the periosteum, I may remark, that, although it will give relief, a horse is not on that account to be immediately put to work, otherwise the inflammation of the bone, which originally gave rise to the formation of a splent, will of course increase, and with it the splent itself. Cold lotions should be constantly employed, and when the inflammatory action is reduced, if the splent be still perceptible, a slight blister may remove it altogether.

A blow may give rise to a splent or to enlargement of any other part, the inflammation necessarily consequent on the injury producing a deposit of lymph in the part, which, becoming organized, leaves a permanent thickening in and around it. When of some standing, blisters will now and then remove this state of the injured part; and if it do not occasion an unsightly blemish, nor interfere with a horse's action, you must exercise your own judgment respecting the value of a horse of this description, and which must be estimated by his performances; for many a first-rate hunter, with the marks of several blows received in going across country, may be worth hundreds of guineas, whereas a common hack, not up to much weight, may, with similar appearances, not be worth as many shillings.

A strain generally happens in the back sinew. It is easily detected by the enlargement that follows it, which occasionally remains so great as to require the application of the actual cautery to remove it. On the first occurrence of a strain of the back sinew, lameness is sure to follow; and as bleeding, physicking, and poultices will frequently effect a radical cure, if you have an opportunity of getting a good bargain of a horse in this state, you need not hesitate to buy him, unless the injury be very severe indeed, for it sometimes happens that the ligament is ruptured when a horse is said to have *broken down* (a case frequently occurring to young race-horses while at their speed); and, under these circumstances, I would not advise you to have anything to do with him, unless you wish to become master of a stallion or mare in such a state for the purpose of breeding.

Wind-galls produce that puffy appearance so generally observed about the legs of a horse that has been hard-worked. Their nature is an increased secretion of the fluid that lubricates the tendons of the muscles. It is of the same description as the *synonia*, or *joint-oil*, as it is generally termed. With this, however, we have nothing to do, and I shall, therefore, content myself with stating, that, although a sure symptom of hard-work, and in many instances of what is called a *gummy* leg—that is, one that is rather fleshy than sinewy—it is a blemish which never of itself interferes with a horse's action. At the same time, a horse with very bad wind-galls, on account of the cause

from which they spring, will very frequently be found groggy either in the joints or feet, of which complaint I shall speak hereafter. It occasionally, though rarely, happens that a fluid tumor, similar in every respect to a wind-gall, occurs upon and below the knee. Here are situated some *bursæ*, or membraneous pouches, which secrete the liquid contained in a wind-gall. I never knew but one horse with this extraordinary blemish, and he had a double tumor over the knee, each as large as an orange. He belonged to a friend of mine, who refused nearly two hundred guineas for him in spite of his being so remarkably blemished. I have known horses fired for very large wind-galls, and completely cured; and really, where the operation is neatly performed, I prefer the blemish of the cure to that of the evil.

Ringbone is an osseous tumor about the coronet or upper part of the hoof, generally commencing in the side or quarter of the foot. It is very easily perceptible to the touch, and generally to the eye; and as it is a cause of lameness which is not easily removed, even by the application of the actual cautery, which of course must leave a serious blemish, it is a disease which renders a horse of very little value.

Ossification of the back sinew is likewise very easily distinguished. In pressing upon a sound back sinew with the thumb and two first fingers from above downwards, it should feel like a very tense cord, giving way slightly under the pressure applied to it, but springing back to its natural situation the moment that pressure is removed. When the sinew is ossified, of course this elasticity disappears, and I need hardly describe to any one gifted with the least sense of touch, the different sensation produced by handling a sinewy or a bony substance. An ossification of the back sinew may go on for some time without producing lameness, but, as it is almost sure to do so eventually, no horse having this disease, even in an incipient state, can be considered sound, although his action may be perfectly free and good.

A speedy-cut is caused by a horse either in his trot or gallop striking one leg with the foot of the other. Where a horse hits his legs about the pastern-joint, he is simply said to *cut before*, and the injury so received is considered a speedy-cut, as it more frequently depends on bad shoeing than on any other cause. But a horse, while going at a moderate rate, may move perfectly well and not touch either leg in any part; whereas, on increasing his pace, he may be found to cut one leg either just under the knee, or a little lower down. Horses with this habit are extremely dangerous to ride, for the injured part becomes so excessively tender, that on striking it they sometimes drop to the ground as though they were shot. A speedy-cut invariably leaves a mark, and frequently a swelling, which is extremely sensitive, by which it may be recognized. A horse with this fault may, however, be kept either in a stable altogether, or only walked out to exercise until the sore of the speedy-cut be healed, and the mark it leaves, if not of old-standing, obliterated. The only way then to determine if he cut about the legs, is to force him to his speed, and if he do not absolutely *cut*, but you still suspect him of *brushing* one foot against the opposite leg, you may mark the inside of the hoof with chalk or lime, and, after riding him smartly, examine if the opposite leg have a recent white mark on any part of it. If so, it must be evidently caused by the chalk or lime you have used. I have known young horses with speedy-

cuts whose action has subsequently so improved as to render them perfectly safe, and have one at this moment with a permanently enlarged knee from speedy-cut, that for the last two years has never touched a hair of either leg. Some people assert that very low condition will cause a horse to get into the habit of *speedy-cutting*, and that, on gaining flesh and strength, his action will alter and become free from fault. I am not prepared to deny this assertion, but should never purchase a horse with a speedy-cut myself in the expectation of getting rid of it by improving his condition. If a horse of this description be in other respects desirable, the effect of speedy-cutting may frequently be very greatly obviated by attention to shoeing, and by riding him in a boot. The inside of the foot should be rasped away as much as may be with propriety, and the shoe should never quite reach to the edge of the sole, by which precaution the iron can never inflict a wound. A speedy-cut may occasion lameness where a horse is frequently in the habit of striking it. [London Sporting Magazine.

CRUEL DEATH OF A DEER-HOUND.—A high-couraged dog was slipped after a deer among the cliffs and crags on the eastern side of Kilbreck (in the Dirriemore Forest, Sutherland). In the heat and recklessness of pursuit, he fell down a sloping but very steep precipice, and alighted on a narrow shelf formed by a projecting piece of rock; in fact, precisely in such a situation as my dogs were in, with the exception that these could be approached on one side, whereas this poor creature could neither ascend the steep bank from which he tumbled down, nor find any practicable passage by which he could escape from his position. The rocks opposed an insuperable obstruction from above, and the precipice menaced certain death below.—There was no escape—no means of rescue; the spot could not be approached by man; and the poor animal, expecting that assistance from his master which it was impossible for him to afford, kept up a continual howling for succor during day and night. He continued to linger in his frightful prison for several days, and the sounds of his voice grew feebler and feebler, until they ended in a sharp kind of whistle, interrupted by vain efforts to break out into a bark. Every kind of project was considered, but no means could be devised to save him, for the ground was of such a nature that no one could be lowered or pulled up by means of a rope. At length the faint sounds ceased—his flesh was carried away by eagles—and his bones are still whitening on the rock. Scrope

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STOCKHOLDER.—We desire to call attention to the fact that this celebrated racer is standing at the stable of Mr. A. B. NEWSOM, in Wilson County, *Tennessee*, eight miles from Lebanon, on the Cumberland river, and thirty-five from Nashville. A typographical error in the "List of Stallions for 1839," induces us to designate thus particularly the place of standing of this fine son of Sir Archy.

THE CANADIAN TRAVELLER TO HIS HORSE.

(TIME—*A winter night:* SCENE—*A pine forest.*)

ORIGINAL.—BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS, ESQ.

THE ideas of the following lines were derived from the fact of a friend of the writer, some years ago, being "wolf-hunted" many miles, one dismal winter's night, along a road through a dreary pine forest, when on his way to one of the numerous new back settlements in the Upper Province. He was only saved by the extraordinary speed and bottom of his horse, which, luckily for him, was from a prime blood stock. He was so severely pressed in this fearful midnight race for life, as to be obliged to "throw overboard" a heavy and valuably filled valise, and the fur robes and cushions of his sleigh to lighten it, all of which were found, next morning, scattered over the snow, rent to fragments by the fangs and claws of his fierce pursuers of the preceding night. They tell of deep sorrow frequently in a few hours changing the hue of a person's hair. Be this as it may, the effects of a "terrible fright" were felt haplessly enough by the individual in question, inasmuch as the agony of being wolf-hunted a few miles through a gloomy pine barren, on a dreary Canadian winter night, operated to change to a "grisley grey" the raven pride of as fine and glossy a head of poodle hair as ever smote the eye and heart of a susceptible "Young Ladies' Academy" belle, or revelled in the unctuous glories of kalydors, bear's grease, pomade divine, or other similar oily abominations.

Dash on—dash on, my gallant bay,
A mist was round the setting sun,*
Gloom gathers o'er the close of day
And yet but half our road is won;—
Dash—dash thee on, my trusty steed,
With limb of strength and hoof of speed.

The blinding snow-drift whirls in air,
How fiercely swells the frost-wind's moan!
Faint heart, in truth, would shrink to dare
This mountain pass so drear and lone,
Where lies, beyond its gloom-wreath'd crest,
The home will give us food and rest.

I cast to thee a loosen'd rein,
I may not check thy onward course,
Nor need to urge with lash of pain
Thy fleet career, my noble horse;
For, in thy master's hour of need
Thou failest not in heart or speed.

On, on we go—and sharply ring
Thy bells out at each crack'ling stride,†
While phantom voices seem to fling
Their startling echoes far and wide,
As, mingling with the howling blast,
They sweep in dismal wailings past.

And still, as onward swift we go,
Those blackly rising pine-trees crowd,
And wave above the drift below,
Like hearse-plumes o'er an out-spread shroud
(In seeming 'mid this forest gloom)
Flung down within some mighty tomb.

* A mist round the setting sun of a Canadian winter day indicates, unfailingly, the near approach of a storm drift.

† Alluding to the well-known cracking noise in frosty weather, made by the pastern joints of a horse in quick motion.

On, on—my horse, nor fear to fail,
Tho' toils and terrors round us rise,
Long, long ere midnight's stars grow pale
That home shall greet our searching eyes,
Where waits a loved and gentle one
Will bless thee for thy service done.

On, on—yet why that forward bound,
Loud snort, and low prick'd ear, my steed—
What can there be of sight or sound
To stir thee to such furious speed?—
I've known thee long, yet never knew
Aught that could daunt thy mettle true.

But hark!—amid the gusts which scowl
What swells upon the midnight wind?—
God! 'tis the gaunt wolves' famish'd howl
Which sweeps along our track behind—
My horse, it is no common fear
Now urging on thy mad career!

Dash on, dash on—nor pause, nor heed,
These darkling woods may soon be past;
No chance for life, my trusty steed,
Have we but that thy strength may last
To reach our own fair valley's brow,
And 'scape the fiends who track us now.

On, on—'twas bravely charged by thee,
And breasted well that drifted heap,
We cannot shun that fallen tree—
'Tis clear'd by one wild, furious leap;
Nor crashing bush or brake may stay
The fury of thy headlong way.

On, on—their pattering tread I hear
Swift o'er the frozen crust draw nigh,
And now I see, they are so near,
The glaring of each demon-eye,
And oh! more horrible than all,
The foam-clots from their bared fangs fall!*

On, on—but yet a little space,
Tho' gasping sobs proclaim thy strife
Of heart and strength to hold a race
So fearful for the prize of life,
Hold on—nor for a moment slack,
For yelling death is on our track.

A bound—thank Heaven! the wood is past,
My gallant horse, 'twas nobly done,
And see, yon twinkling light at last
Tells cheerly that our home is won;
And fainter dies upon the wind
The hell-cries of the pack behind.

Quick flittings past each casement pane
Show how thy bells have gladly rung
Their welcome music once again;
And now the door is widely flung—
And hearts are prest which ne'er will slight
Thy service on this fearful night.

QUEBEC, May, 1839.

* It is said that a species of hydrophobic fury comes over the wolf when hotly pursuing prey, and that the merest scratch from their fangs, when in this state, will produce the same direful effects as the bite of a mad dog, the foam round their jaws being equally as horribly poisonous.

Turfiana.

No. III.

"If thou dost play with him at any game
Thou'rt *sure* to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds!—Thy lustre thickens
When he stands by." ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Come, Come; deal justly with me. Come, come; nay, speak."
"What should we say, my lord?"
"Anything,—*but* to the purpose!" HAMLET.

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company!" BEGGAR'S OPERA.

"But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,*
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial." JULIUS CÆSAR.

"This is the time for *layers*." MILLER'S GARD. DICT.

"Quick—quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us;—think on that." OTHELLO.

"Put armour on thine ears,—and on thine eyes!" TIMON OF ATHENS.

In the number of our Magazine for February we stated that our limits would not then "allow us to bring our hasty sketch of the first branch of the subject (the Defaulters, &c.) to a conclusion;" and we were compelled to "adjourn the session" at the period of the Doncaster St. Leger for 1835, to another time. That time now presents itself—and we shall proceed with a subject the treatment of which by us, we have reason to believe, has been received with interest and attention by those competent to judge of its truth, usefulness, and potency. It is not our intention to drop the matters connected with the turf—hastily or inconsiderately—for we propose, in the course of our future numbers, time and occasion permitting, to take a dispassionate review of the patrons and high supporters of the turf,—the trainers and their head agents connected with it—the jockies that sway men's destinies on it—the constitution and character, and influence of the jockey club and its laws, (with suggestions for the useful, equitable, and effective extension of the latter)—of the judges elected for the important decisions (in the turf *exchequer*)—of the system of private trials as far as trainers, jockies, owners, and the public are concerned,—of commissioners, *touts*, and turf-trickery in its "lowest deeps," —of Mr. Wetherby and his ill-compiled works,—and of Tattersalls and its yard of betters! The subject is in its vast capacity full of matter for "wide solution" and acute speculation,—and we shall hope to make the 1st of each month "our *settling* day," on some particular head. We know the horses—we know the *men*—and we know something of the turf contrivances; and it will be our wilful fault if

*Qu. *Metal? Printer's Devil.*

we do not make *past* and not "*coming* events, cast their shadows before!"

That dear antique toddling specimen of a trainer, old Edwards, (a character which is now almost become obsolete,) *commanded* the year 1836. With the exception of Brown of Lewes—and *perhaps* John Smith of the North—Forth, (silver-haired, fresh hued Forth) of Sussex—and the *Pieman*—I know not where we are to find the simple-*looking*-dwarf'd aged trainers, who stood with heavy stick in hand behind the fleet-one's heels, and *rowed* the lad into a more active whisp of the glowing skin,—or told him, *ex câthedrâ*, to "go to the colt's head," at the stable hour when the owner came to look at his costly toy. Sykes—Tommy Sykes complained of Mr. Gully *banishing* him in his old age to the Hambledon Hills to train a *southern* horse—Mameluke,—and yet we saw him watch the hind quarters of that splendid animal with a smile of approval which seemed cut in steel on his visage! Old Robson—the *patron* of the Grafton stud—used to follow his blood and blood-like flock into the paddock at Epsom—or to the courses at Newmarket—like a shepherd tending his lambs in some quiet moor-solitude: so placid, so pleasant, and so *true* was his expression. Dick Shepherd was not old enough to have arrived at this exquisite quietude of manner, but he was taciturn,—a fine commencement—had he not been cut off in the bloom of a *youth* of 50 or 60. Old Edwards was quiet, out of his cups, to such an extent, as to render the shadow of a hint a positive color;—and from this placitude arose the division in his cabinet;—each lad *trying* at exercise for facts;—sons separating in cunning and commissions—fraternal vexations and distrusts,—wife-*comfort*-confidences,—and in fact great Jersey-annoyances! When the old man, however, *did* deliver a judgment openly, fearlessly, and simply—it was, though not so distinguished for masterly eloquence or matchless reasoning as the decisions of Lord Stowell (the educated-*Edwards* of the consistorial court), as simple, profound, and conclusive. He spoke—as all real judges *of weight* should speak—after *public* trial;—and when that decision could by possibility be brought collaterally to bear upon any future event—it was worth its weight in *gold*. Middleton, an infirm horse, would never have come to the post, it may be safely asserted, under any other management than that of the careful old man. In Scott's hands he would probably have stood until within a fortnight or three weeks of the event; and then he would have achieved a trial-miracle—and retained a lame leg. William Chifney would have rattled him into a thousand pieces in less than no time, by the unsparing severity of his system—and Marson would probably have permitted the hard ground at Epsom to do that which he had been so carefully avoiding at Newmarket. Middleton was nursed for *the day*, and carried his pail of water (*carelessly* left, it is supposed, within his reach,)—right round Tottenham corner and triumphantly up to the winning post—and never ran again. This was judicious *plastering* of an infirm edifice—to meet the eye of the judicial *bricklayer*, Mr. Clarke. Robinson showed his quickness of suspicion by expressing a sly surprise at the distention of the animal, when he was girthing on the saddle before starting. Bay Middleton was an especial favorite with the old man—and the twinkle of the eye of this venerable and careful train-

er on the evening before the race ought to have "picked out the winner," in the mind of any one who had a thought to throw at a horse. The Derby over—in Edward's mind the St. Leger was over also.—Elis ran Bay Middleton to a head for the 2,000 gs. stakes—and Elis *must* be first at Doncaster, or he had no right to have been where he was at Newmarket; Elis won the St. Leger easily—having been the first noble animal that travelled in his own carriage and four, since the days of Sovereign in 1816—whose carriage, however, was an accomplished work by Herring. But I am diverging.—The death of old Edwards, however, could not silently be passed over when Bay Middleton was under notice—even though his proper place ought to have been in the intended future paper on the trainers.

This year of Bay Middleton and Elis was extremely severe to the Scott-party (although slightly alleviated by *Cyprian*, not usually a profitable connexion with any man)—for Gladiator was aggravated into a very kill-devil,—and terrified even Lord Jersey on the day—who ought to have had better nerve. Had we been the owners of Bay Middleton, well at the hour, with a full knowledge of his amazing powers, we should, as the Americans would say, "have looked steel-filings at any one asking us to hedge—and gone tarnation-eternally away from the ring and human nature—until that mighty whipper old Clarke had said his damn'dest to all the rest?" The earl, however, hedged at 7 to 4.—Hedge Bay Middleton!—oh! it was making the *Derby* the *Craven* stakes! How well the beautiful language of Shakspeare fits the earl—

> "Be it oblivion,—or some *Craven* scruple,
> Of thinking too precisely on the event;
> A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
> And, ever, three parts coward—I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, *this thing's to do!*"

And the fear of the Gladiator too! Before the race the noble earl might prophetically have exclaimed in the double sense of the *poeta*—

> "I see before me the *Gladiator* lie;
> * * * * his brow
> Consents to death, yet conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
> And *through his side*, the last drops, ebbing flow
> From *the red gash, fall heavy one by one*,
> Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
> The arena swims around him,—he is gone
> Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won!"

The Derby was not so disastrous in its results on the great-*unbreeched*—as the St. Leger was; for Bay Middleton had won the Riddlesworth and 2000 gs., two public proofs of goodness, which nothing but rabid folly or *glove-going* vice, could stand against. To be sure a bit of hay in the throat, a day or two before the race, *spelled* up a reach at a cough—which blighted the hopes and books of many who expected and intended the best,—and encouraged those "hardy annuals" that invariably appear in the parterre at Tattersalls, and either *blossom* on the settling day, or scatter their final *leaves!*—according to the temperature of the event. One great north country sportsman found that Lord Jersey could "show his eyes, and grieve his heart," —and having himself originally come like a shadow—he did "so de-

part!" Several small boats broke loose on the great stream; but this—as the Thames accounts invariably prove—is usual in stormy hours. The solid vessels weather the tempest—when the *lighter-men* go down!

Scroggins was this same year to win the St. Leger, beyond the chance of error—and Elis was in the south at an unusually late period of the autumn. The Scotts again—unlike the Eldon race of old—had *a great party*—and all promised comfort, luxury, and conviviality, —when Lord Lichfield stept in between the cup and the lip, and "broke up the meeting, with most admired disorder!" After exacting a book on his horse to the tune of £10,000—as the terms on which Elis was to go northwards—at a late hour,—up drew the van—down whisked the horse—out walked he on to the paddock at the late Mr. Bowe's.—In he went first at the race, in the opinion of Mr. Lockwood and all others,—and Scroggins was declared to be second. Excellent well! That admirable creature *Bee's-wing* allowed this situation to the pet of the Scotts, not choosing to be a profitless maid of all work! —The small fry, which play in such numbers about the *shallows* of the Malton stables, were sadly scattered during the disturbance of the moment,—but, like the minnows and stickle-backs of all streams, they speedily returned to the old spots to swarm as fussily and look out for fresh baits. We do not know of any things alive so numerous as the small-fry betters *shoaling* on the edges of the great Scott-river! Will. Scott, who is "the Triton of the Minnows," loves to catch them with a landing net. He is fond of the sport—and an admirable fisherman!

It is to be feared that our delectable friend *Waggy*, who exerted himself with suicidal zeal, to get the amount of bets made up, required by Elis's noble owner—over-strained his book—and became a martyr to his own wilful generosity. He is, however, a natural-born fighter —like Jack Randall or Dutch Sam ("both in Arthur's bosom!") and he *will* take the *liberty* of re-visiting a field, from which others would have made a Corunna retreat,—and he *will* persevere, over all disasters, in search of success,

> "For *freedom's* battle, once begun,
> Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

And Waggy—though perhaps he *bleeds* less freely than the usual heroes who fight for liberty—*will*, like Steady, "be first in the throng." He ought not to go.—"Oh we could better spare a *better man*." He has a deal of strong coarse *dowlas* fun about him, which covers one all over with enjoyment, even as it were a pilot coat; and his power of countenance and lungs is wonderfully expressive and prominent. It is worth going two hundred miles in any of Murphy's worst days, to hear him descant upon the subject of *Crockford* in general—or a sporting man of fashion in particular.

The year 1836 will be memorable in the minds of those interested in turf matters, as being the one that effectively introduced the system of *vanning*, or carrying race-horses from one distant point of the country to another,—a system which has been now generally adopted by those who desire to carry on the exciting competition with a fair chance against their antagonist. If an animal can now be kept upon his own good exercise-ground to a late moment—which he now safely

can be—he can be *charmed* by four *posters* to the course he is destined for, when all his hard work is over—and the day's or two days' travelling is but healthful and valuable rest. It used to be proverbial that a south country horse had no chance for the great stakes in the north,—and certainly the fate of Mr. Udney's Tarandus—Mr. Batson's Serab—Lord Egremont's Chateau Margaux—Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet—Lord Wharncliffe's Dragon, and numerous others, would appear to bear out the truth of the proverb. The long journey from Ascot or Newmarket to Doncaster,—the perils of the road—the legweariness of travel—the change of stables, of air, corn, and water—the hurried work to make up for time lost in the long daily walks; all these directed their attacks against the constitution and condition of that hot-house plant, the race-horse; and we cannot be surprised that so little success distinguished the attempts of southern competitors. John Doe, who originally (in 1816) had springs put to a bullock caravan and brought Mr. Territt's Sovereign in it, at the rate of forty miles a day, safely from Worcestershire to Newmarket—also suggested a similar kind of conveyance to the Earl of Lichfield—and Mr. Herring, the great van-builder, completed the well-ordered machine for Elis. The inside is padded to prevent bruises, and some horses make very good travellers. Poor Drummer, however, Elis's companion, took his mode of transit very unkindly; and never, we understand, thoroughly got over the jumble. There is not an owner of race-horses of any repute that is now without his van. Lord George Bentinck has two, the Earl of Chesterfield and Mr. Greville each one. Lord Suffield sold his carriage to Mr. Ferguson, and it now carries that noble but ill-starred horse Harkaway to the courses he is *not* to run upon. The Marquis of Exeter has two; and the Duke of Cleveland is building one for the express purpose of bringing Kremlin from the north to try for the 50 sov. stake at Newmarket Craven meeting, and for the great Derby. The caravan is in shape something between one of Wombwell's great yellow dens upon wheels, and Sir Frederick Roe's omnibus; only it is a little more tasty in its decorations than either. It would be very convenient for those of the betting circles, who have pressing business any where but at Doncaster, *after* the St. Leger, if a van were to start at ten o'clock at night, which might be called the Levanter's Eclipse, or the York and Doncaster *Low-flyer*—no one to be booked that had a chance of ever paying anything to anybody, except the expenses of this journey to the metropolis,—and not more than twenty persons to be taken. It might change vehicles, &c. at Stamford, and be able to return to Doncaster by the Thursday to be in time for twenty more gentlemen who had mistaken their mark on the cup-race. Might not some of the great postmasters or coachmasters, whose speculations have been trespassed upon by the railroads, give this hint their serious attention. They may depend upon *loading* well, if the thing is done with spirit, quietness, and cheapness. The proprietors might sell twenty tickets of admission to the conveyance, previous to the race, which the purchasers might use or not as circumstances required. All creatures that are liable to be *preyed upon* have some prudent contrivances for escape—the mole* in the

* The molo, in its *boring* way of making its *advances*, and its pliant fitness for *backing out*, carries on that system *under* the turf, which its betters carry on *above* it. The getting away,

garden has his side alleys, and his remarkable power of *backing out*, at race-horse speed, in the hour of danger,—the rabbit in its warren makes a point, in his general arrangements, to secure a *bolt-hole*. No gentleman with a precarious book and a determined mind, would care to disburse his few guineas to ensure a quiet and comfortable retirement—should absence be desirable. The thing must be done, if *levanting* is to share in the general spread of improvement.

One more word in the way of suggestion as to caravans, and we have done on this head. In these days of enlightenment and reform, we do not see why a good party of eight might not VAN it down to Doncaster in a capacious and comfortable carriage—with a larder at the end, or bar for refreshments, and two card-tables, or a long library table, with calendars, lists, and periodicals,—and every possible comfort in the way of carpet and chairs. The Bull at Witham Common, or the George at Grantham would be capital head quarters for the night; and two days might be passed in a way to make the "noble sportsmen" think they were only in an improved Tattersall's—*on wheels!*—We throw this out for Mr. Herring's consideration.

But we must quit carriages, and all "their appliances and means to boot"—and plunge at once "amidst the *crowd*, the *hum*, the *shock* of men"—the concentrated force of this vivid Byronian line never being more fully realized than "at the Corner" at first,—on the course, which is the racing *hive* subsequently,—and finally in the shock at the wreck of settlement! Two more years of sanguine folly,—wanton extravagance,—desperate risk and cunning *above proof*,—yet remain to be tested;—and although they present but similar exhibitions of turf-drunkenness in the young, and of the power of seeing others under the table in the seasoned and experienced;—of certainties turned "the seamy side without,"—and of favorites on the turf, after a ring of a bell, the girthing on of a new saddle, the swing up of a new pair of leathers,—the heart-breaking struggle, to a cold steel and warm whip accompaniment,—finding at last that "a favorite has *no friend!*" The crowd of mercenary admirers is like a cluster of bees around the honeyed favorite, as he is led down the hill from the Warren, saddled and mounted,—and nothing is like his symmetry, and condition;—*tinkle—tinkle—tinkle!* The colors of the riders are flashed round an open space with lightning speed,—and lo! all is over! and an unnoticed 50 to 1 colt can hardly move on account of his popularity,—and the favorite is dragging along a savaged form and a jaded spirit, behind a little undersized boy in corduroys with a bottle;—unnoticed except with a curse,—unenquired after by the flushed and fed females in feathers and laughter;—unrespected even by those who had so long pampered and praised him,—and to whose withered mercies he is once more consigned!

even "*tail foremost*"—"not *turning round*," (that is, not hedging)—and at length, when arrived at "*some collateral gallery*," (that is, when a branch road is gained,) its flight "*head foremost, as with other creatures*," closely connects the mole with the *genus-Levanter*.

"Whoever will examine the structure of the body of a mole, will, perhaps, find no creature more admirably adapted for all the purposes of its life. The very fur on the skin of this animal manifests what attention has been bestowed upon the creature, in providing for its necessities and comforts. This is singularly, almost impalpably, fine, yielding in every direction, and offering no resistance to the touch. By this construction the mole is in no degree impeded in *its retreat from danger while retiring backwards, as it always does upon suspicion of peril*, not turning round, which the size of its run does not permit, *but tail foremost*, until it arrives *at some collateral gallery*, when its flight is *head foremost, as with other creatures*."—*Journal of a Naturalist*, p. 144.

The tender attentions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should not be exclusively devoted to the poor. Mr. Thomas, a busy and well intentioned secretary we believe, should enlarge his sense of cruelty and his views for its suppression;—and not confine his supervisorship to the mere two-penny post horses,—the cab No. this or that,—or the hackney coach of any given number:—where an animal looks poor, *is* poor, or is in vulgar hands, the zeal of Mr. Thomas is at fever heat;—but when a steeple-chase-horse belonging to a gentleman breaks his heart at the winning-post,—or a racer has his life and soul *jobbed* out of him,—or a fine half-bred refuses to rise in consequence of a broken spine, occasioned by being put at an impracticable fence;—why then "poor Tom's a' cold!" Humanity will bear promulgation and extension at times and in circles where Mr. Thomas would at present consider it an improper interference with the subscribers to his society to interfere! These few observations are written in no ill spirit towards Mr. Thomas,—and are put forth with a view only to the extension and equalization of his observations.

The Derby day of 1837 found the Duke of Rutland's Rat-trap a very high favorite,—with Caravan close behind him. Hibiscus was pronounced to be a splendidly formed specimen of the English Race-horse—and Mango found friends amidst the few, who generally in this troubled sea, put out in safety! The betting was extremely heavy. The Squire had in this race that rogue of a horse, Mahometan,—who could run "an' he would:"—and this sanguine sportsman backed the beast in a manner that deserved a better fate. Harry Edwards rode the varlet like a Prince—and lodged him, in spite of himself, third. A very good judge—*the* very best judge,—told us just before starting that if from the appearances of the animals he saw—he was obliged to stand £1,000 between 1 and the field, he would put his money on Caravan. Phosphorus, who had had friends from his good running at Newmarket,—where, it was said, he only wanted a longer course to have beaten Rat-trap,—was lame!—From 12 to 1 he dropped to 50 to 1—and no *well-informed* takers. It was stated that Lord George gave him in as a *cockboat* in a bet of £5,000 with Lord Suffield,—and he turned out to Caravan's noble owner a *lifeboat!* Phosphorus was first, Caravan second,—the only two placed. Rat-trap would not or could not stay the course,—and Hibiscus would not, *because* he could not run in. The sea of betting having been very heavy, could not easily subside on the settling day—*much* and *many* were lost! Too late, the desperate horse-marines saw the rocks, against which they had obstinately closed their eyes,—and acknowledged the fatal effects of the *breakers* which they ought to have known would swamp them. Indeed, too late. "Around the waves *Phosphoric* lightning broke!" These lost mariners differed from prudential mariners in general; for they were *overwritten*, and not *underwritten!*

Some youngish bettors won, and surprised themselves (being unable to hedge) at the extent of their own judgments. One medical sportsman won £2,000, or some such sum, and what is more extraordinary, received his money. He had better have stuck to his morning journies about town,—for his sporting turn did not, we believe, prosper in the end;—he might exclaim with Macbeth—"The road hath done me

justice,—but the gaming table hath been my ruin!" Rat-trap caught several,—who *ratted!*

Bell's Life was fortunate in hitting off a prophecy. Some gentleman in rhyme, without reference to lameness, coughing or drawing,—had looked at the Newmarket running and had selected Phosphorus as the first, and Caravan as the second horse—and he was by sheer luck made to speak the truth. Subsequent attempts have been judiciously aimed at,—but if the writer remembers the old Scottish sport, he will admit that the *Popinjay* is not easily *hit off*. VATES has been a little too flourishing in his subsequent guesses,—but allowances must be made for a winner of the Derby.

Miss Letty (in Scott's stable) won the Oaks,—to the great contentment of Mr. Justice, who was very constant to the lady. The Oaks race, however, from its recent *mildness*, does not cut off so many *buds* of bettors, as it did in the severe old times.

The St. Leger followed, as regularly as one paddle-bar of a steamboat wheel follows another,—and occasioned the usual splash—*dropping*, and obscurity. Epirus (brother to Elis—forget not that) was first favorite, being in Scott's stable—and really we thought they were *all* in earnest. Mahometan, like the fabled hare, had many friends,—and settled down at the start (James Robinson being upon him) as second favorite. The Doctor and Abraham Newland had their admirers,—and speculation took a wide range and loose turn. The cluster mustered—and away! Down came Epirus at the rise of the hill,—William Scott having tried, without reason, one would say, to get his favorite *Rowton-inside path.* The rider broke his collar bone—and was much shaken. At the close of the race,—Mango was first, being *fortunately* not shut out, and Abraham Newland second. Mahometan was *not* third this day, although Robinson shot him at the *fall.* The too sanguine easy Squire, lost something smart between Mango and Mahometan,—the only winner that could have really *hornetted* him. We hate to see a free and ready sportsman get into that cursed *Long Lane*, which is proverbial for having no turning. The law in luck should be the same as it is in steeple-chasing,—a man should be prohibited from going more than a hundred yards along any long lane.

This was a really tolerable race as to settlement—the respectable doing the respectable,—and the apparently respectable scrambling through. A Manchester professional man, well known as light in business and slight in settlement,—and a Liverpool sportsman (not the *Sefton* of Croxteth) made a desolate and *scarce* week of it;—and a brothel keeper of Air Street, proved a broken *Reed* to many who relied on him for small support;—giving as his reason for not paying, that "he never thought Mango would win!" But those who deal with such characters deserve the natural results of the connexion!—what could be expected from a shifty practiceless country attorney,—from the penniless dependent son of a minor Liverpool merchant,—or from the keeper of a house of ill-fame—whose breath and bread of life depend upon heartless depravity—the ruin of the unwary and undisturbed infamy!

At the last year we are arrived. Good horses in 1838 were really assembled to struggle for superiority. That sound valuable animal,

Grey Momus, after perhaps too many public rehearsals, settled down as the *élite* of the field, on the brow of the hill,—Cobham, Scott's annual tender for the contract, being second favorite;—and Phœnix, an unworthy half-brother of Bay Middleton,—Ion, and Young Rowton, standing at respectful distances. Sir Gilbert Heathcote had a truly nice brown horse, got by Velocipede, out of a Moses mare; but so strong was the prejudice against his stable, that few but the trainers, sporting tradesmen, and publicans of Epsom,—and the gallants of Sutton and its neighborhood,—having a dash of the desperate Stock Exchange blood in them, came forward as supporters. 1000 to 15, and 50 to 1, were hawked about all the winter,—and 1000 to 30 might have been had on the morning of the race, to win the amount of ten thousand pounds. Here however the old language fails,—for, though expected by very few,—"the race *was* to the swift, and the battle to the strong." Amato got but an indifferent start,—but he went easily with his horses round the course,—came at the grand stand without difficulty, when Jim Chapple called upon him,—and carried him in "like oil." The joy at an old sportsman like Sir Gilbert Heathcote, winning the Derby, after so many honest, but *fat*, and therefore fruitless attempts, was uproarious and delightful. Sherwood, the trainer, we believe, had trained Amato as he wished, that is, with good work as well as good oats;—and we sincerely rejoice that a true and valuable servant has been allowed his talents fair play. Sherwood has a promising team for the next Derby, and as he has learned his way home to the judge's chair once,—he may do it again, before his knowledge cools. Let it not be forgotten, that success, like music, sometimes deals its harmonies out in triplets. Petre won the Leger three years successively. John Scott has won the Oaks the three last years successively, with wretched things out of his stable;—and why should not Sir Gilbert "have a run upon his color!"

Perhaps a Derby was never settled in so orderly a manner as the last;—credit was given when wanted,—money was accepted without a murmur, when proffered,—and, with the exception of little Thomas, the established levanter, who came on the settling day and received all he could get,—and shirk'd all which his creditors could by *no industry* get, and who complained of a lost pocket book,—bolted and stopped certain bills of exchange within it,—returned,—recovered the object of his loss from Tattersall's,—and re-bolted!—there was hardly a dissentient voice in the whole yard. If Thomas comes again,—then he is immortal!

The only event connected with the present Derby to which we shall allude, as illustrative of the probity of turfites of the fourth or fifth estate, is one connected with the trainer, and a neighbor in whom he confided. Sherwood commissioned his *friend*, as we are credibly informed, to take the early odds respecting Amato for the Derby to ten pounds, and the *friend*, on his return from town to Epsom, informed the trainer that he had taken £400 to £10. The race over, the money was won,—and paid. "Now mark how a plain tale shall set him down." The commissioned *friend* went to a *gossamer*-Crockford in the city, and took the odds, at the time he was authorized to do so, and to insure himself from being called upon, in case Sir Gilbert's horse did not win, he caused the layer of the odds to put down the

bet to Sherwood. This was over insuring;—for a Cambridge gentleman subsequently met the trainer, and congratulated him on his success at Epsom; remarking that he had won *five hundred pounds* of one of his city friends! "The honorable members mutually explained," and the friend was ultimately induced, under a *compulsory sense* of honor, to pay over to Sherwood the suppressed one hundred pounds of the odds;—thus we see fraud, as well as "curses,—will, like chickens, come home to roost."

"—— And shall we trust such *creatures*,—no, as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,—
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,—
Or any other thing that's false!"—

The two last races, to which we have devoted our attention, in these papers, namely the Oaks and St. Leger,—require very few words from us—for perhaps they proved the most placid and unspeculative events that modern times have produced. Condition we know for the Oaks, is everything:—the season of the year is unpropitious for these *ardent* young things. Many who figure at Newmarket in a first rate style, begin, when they arrive at Epsom, "to pale their ineffectual fires." Calisto* was the charm of the year, but ran second at Newmarket: The Duke of Grafton's *Chemist*, a poor thing, being first,—and Industry third. Vespertillio, Barcarole, and one or two others, shewed great promise of superiority,—but all fell sick, and therefore Calisto became a wondrous favorite! What was the finish? Industry first and Calisto second! Lord Suffield and others were respectable sufferers.

"——— Last stage of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,"

—we proceed to notice the fourpenny-halfpenny race for the St. Leger;—poor dying Doncaster!—seven horses only in the year 1838 to start for the St. Leger! Were it not for a few brief observations, we should pass it over, like one of W. G.'s accounts of a ditch-mile thing at Newmarket. With a short field—and a long-bruised turf-fate,—it is hard to think that Lord Chesterfield won a comparative trifle upon Don John. Perhaps a better horse for action, strength, and lightness, never appeared on the turf; and yet the owner,—who has lost thousands upon cripples and slow ones of his own and others,—had not his confidence insured to a *Mellish* firmness, so as to recal a part, and a considerable part, of his losses. His lordship and his friends won, we believe, little or nothing. Betting was languid. Ion was expecting to have a Talfourd *run*,—but tragical was the catastrophe!—and the only winners, that we have heard talked of, have been a butcher and a baker or so,—on the outskirts of the ring;—inspired by Yorkshire hints, distilled through London Yorkshiremen.

I can say with Lord Byron, "my task is done"—on this head;—and again with him, "would it were worthier!" Looking back upon my record, I cannot but sicken at the repetition of low dishonesty, practising successfully on integrity of every grade;—at the permission of thieves,—keepers of houses of ill-fame,—owners of *fences*,—swell mob-men,—penniless nobodies,—and notorious sharpers and *hellites*,

* Calisto died recently of the strangles.

being permitted into the society of the highest, the noblest, and most influential sportsmen of the age!—but, until better regulations are established at Tattersall's, Newmarket, and the other leading places of sport, (upon which we propose fully to treat under another head of our subject,) no security can be obtained against the *swell mob* in all its branches.

Here we conclude for the present. Our task is far from a pleasing one. We have perhaps withheld names too delicately, and we are still in doubt whether the wilful defaulters ought not to be properly displayed to the public. Subject to a careful revision of the lists, in order to separate the miscreants from the miserably unfortunate, we shall probably recur to this subject at the end of the papers, and deal out ample justice to all.

ON ACCLIMATING CATTLE IN LOUISIANA.

My Dear P.—I send you an article "On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana," which you may publish either in the "Spirit" or the "Register" as you may deem most proper. The knowledge of the fact of the standard of the pulse of Cattle in Louisiana being different from that in a northern climate, was acquired in the following manner.

About three years ago one of my friends having bought, in conjunction with myself, some imported cattle, we naturally read with avidity all the books we could obtain, which were likely to give us any information that would enable us to preserve the lives of our stock—a thing every one assured us we should not be able to accomplish. The books best by a long remove, stated that the average pulse of the ox was forty pulsations in the minute, and that more than that indicated fever. This, we conceived, was a valuable fact, and one which we determined never for one moment to forget. It was the want of this knowledge which had been the cause why so few imported cattle had as yet been preserved in our district.

Things went on, however, very well for some time, until a fine Devon Bull was supposed one morning not to be exactly right, and I, as surgeon, was immediately sent for. On my arrival the pulse was felt, and oh, horrible to relate! was found to be seventy at the least! "What must be done in such a dreadful case?" "Be done! why bleed, certainly, until the pulse is reduced to its natural standard, as *the* book says," (for at that time we ever spoke as if there was but one book in the world, and that the "Treatise on Cattle.") The bull was consequently tied up, and John set to work with a pair of fleams; but in vain—he could not even get through the cuticle. Had Ajax a shield of seven such hides as his, 'twas no wonder that he considered himself safe from behind his *bull*-wark.

But the Devon was not fated to escape thus, and

> ——— "the tough bull hide
> Which Death so often dashed aside,"

was destined to be severed *propius manubus*. I laid bare the vein with a sharp knife, and made a large "orifice," as the term is. The purple stream gushed forth, and we both remarked that if that did not save him, heaven only knew what would. The hand, as recommended, I kept steadily on the pulse, which certainly did not decrease as rapidly as I had expected; it however at last got down to sixty, and in communicating the fact, I asked my friend what he thought of it? "Think?" said he, "why I think that there is not half enough taken yet, and that in certain cases we must use strong measures or none at all." It came down to fifty, and the animal began to have some strange tricks of the eye. "Fifty," said I; "don't you think that will do?" "Well," replied my friend, "do as you please, but you take the responsibility. I say do as the book says, and bleed him down to forty!" Having especial cause to think that my learned friend understood the nature of *bulls* better than I did, I yielded, and as the pulse got to *forty-five* I looked at

the animal's piteous face and instantly stopped the blood. But alas, 'twas too late, the whites of the eye were turned up, and in a few moments his soul was winging its way to the paradise of bulls, which I should think likely to be one of those "green sunny spots" in the Emerald Isle, so frequently spoken of by her bard.

Days and weeks passed and yet the last look of that poor animal would haunt me in my dreams—"the air had scent of blood." So, my dear Sir, as a charm against those "thick coming fancies" that keep me from my rest, have I sent you my confession, and if by these means one more bull is permitted to enjoy his shade in this world instead of being made a shade of in the next, my object will have been accomplished.

Yours, &c., J. S. of Louisiana.

It appears that nature, in creating and placing animals on different portions of the globe, has, with that wonderful power with which she is endowed, planted in the system of each, a capacity of resistance to the specific diseases of the locality of which it is a native. But this adaptation of constitution to climate, appears to be, not so much the result of original conformation as the effect of certain causes acting in early youth, when the system of every animal is with most wonderful facility accommodated to the situation and circumstances in which it is to exist. Though, at the same time, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the particular action or tone of the system of the parent may be communicated to the fœtus *in utero*, at least to a certain degree. The process of change which the constitution of an animal which is a native of one climate must undergo before it becomes capable of resisting the specific diseases of another of which it is not a native, is commonly called acclimating—one of the most mysterious operations of nature that we are acquainted with, and with which no process of reasoning but that of induction could familiarize us. Nearly all animals on being removed from their native climate, experience less or more of this change, and in some its operation on the system is so violent that death is the inevitable consequence. Thus, the mocking bird of America will not live in England. The Reo-negro cock dies if taken from the banks of the Oronooco; and the Lama of South America, it is said, will not exist out of a certain latitude. Even man, the lord of every clime, seems somewhat subject to this universal law; for the hardy Switzer taken from his mountain home to the plains of the sunny South, languishes and dies beneath Italian skies and amidst Italian song, because he can no more hear the *rantz de vache*, or see Mont Blanc sitting "in his robe of clouds and diadem of snow."

In bringing horses or oxen from the climate of Kentucky and Tennessee to that of Louisiana, it is well known that the process of acclimating must take place, but this process in the horse appears to be accomplished without much danger, while in the ox it is frequently fatal. Why this should be the case, has not yet been explained, nor indeed have the causes of the difficulty of acclimating either yet been understood. Hence, the methods of treatment to effect this object have been various and capricious, and seldom persevered in with that steadiness and constancy which can alone ensure success.

An examination of the arterial system of the ox will, I conceive, most materially contribute to instruct us in the predisposing causes of disease, and consequently, in the most proper manner of preventing and treating it. The average pulse of the ox, in a cold climate, is stated to be

about forty* in a minute, and when the pulsations are more frequent than this, the animal is supposed to be in a state of fever. This, it is most singular to state, is not the case in the climate of Louisiana, the pulse of the ox being there in its natural state, sixty-eight or seventy-five, and rising, on the slightest excitement, as high as eighty. What may be the cause of this incongruity of the pulse in different climates, we do not pretend to know; but such is certainly the fact, and the knowledge of it, we conceive, will be found of vast value to those who are endeavoring to improve the race of cattle in that State.

It is evident that the system of an animal must undergo a most violent change, and one which, under circumstances the least exciting, must prove fatal, if it be taken to a situation which requires that the heart's action shall be increased more than one third in a given space of time—it is also evident that any thing which has a tendency to increase a disposition to that action should be most carefully avoided, so that the requisite change on the system may be produced as gradually and imperceptibly as possible. This increased action of the heart the system of the ox is the less prepared to endure, in that the arteries of that animal are smaller in proportion than they are in the horse,† and consequently less capable of sustaining any suddenly increased action.

TREATMENT.

From the above facts it is plain that the most proper dietetic treatment to be resorted to, must be strictly antiphlogestic—the quantity of food which the system would in ordinary circumstances require, must be diminished, and all the common exciting causes of increased arterial action—such as the heat of the sun, quick action of any kind, &c. &c.—avoided. Besides these, medicines which have a tendency to diminish the heart's action, must not only on the first attack of fever be resorted to, but should, we think, even in a state of health (tho' no general advocate for such treatment), from time to time be administered.

Bleeding, tho' the most valuable of all remedies on the attack, must not previously be resorted to, from a tendency which it has to produce in the system increased action for the purpose of re-producing the matter taken away. Proper doses of the digitalis purpurea may also be resorted to—and indeed all remedies which have a tendency to diminish the heart's action—shade, and a plentiful supply of *water, for the animal to stand in during the heat of the day,* I conceive also to be of all things the most essential.

J. S. OF LOUISIANA.

* The average pulse of a full grown healthy ox is about forty.—*Library of Useful Knowledge, Cattle, page* 153.

† Library of Useful Knowledge—Cattle, page 173.

MEMOIR OF DON JOHN,

WINNER OF THE GREAT DONCASTER ST. LEGER IN 1838.

THE present number of the "Register" is embellished with a highly finished Engraving on Steel by *Prud'homme*, an eminent artist of this city, of "THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, with a PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN." The original picture was done in oil by J. F. Herring, the celebrated animal painter, expressly for the London "Sporting Review," for which it was engraved by Scott. Of the fidelity of the likeness, and the exquisite finish of Prud'homme's engraving, they are the best judges who have seen the original in the "Review," and we respectfully invite a comparison; it would be a splendid illustration even for an English sporting magazine, and we are confident no engraving of a horse executed in this country is comparable with it.

Don John is believed to have been not only the best horse of his year, but it is doubted by very many English turfmen of sound judgment, whether Plenipo', The Queen of Trumps, or Bay Middleton, could have wrested his honors from him. "Vates," in speaking of his St. Leger race, remarks that "Don John made all the running, and fairly shamed the vaunts and calculations of the Southrons; I verily believe he could have walked in. I fancied with many others that a mile was his *forte;* whereas he appears to have as fine an idea of 'perpetual motion' as ever fell to the lot of quadruped." The field consisted of but seven, the smallest that for five-and-twenty years has started for the Leger, but the disparity of numbers was amply compensated by the performance and promise of the horses. The placing was as follows:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—The *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course; sixty-six subscribers.

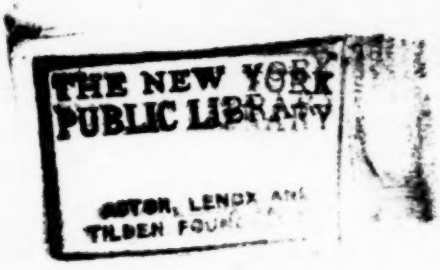
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Don John*, by Tramp or Waverley, out of Sharpset's dam by Comus	W. Scott.	1
Col. Peel's br. c. *Ion*, by Cain, out of Margaret by Edmund, out of Medora by Selim	A. Pavis.	2

Time, 3:17 by Bell's Life—3:16 by two Americans.

THE FOLLOWING WERE NOT PLACED:

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Alzira* (brother to Henriade), by Voltaire, out of Matilda	J. Day	*
Mr. Combe's ch. c. *Cobham*, by The Colonel, out of Frederica	J. Robinson	*
Mr. Parkin's br. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard	H. Edwards	*
Mr. Fairlie's ch. c. *The Hydra*, by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra by Partisan	Chapple	*
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Saintfoin*, by St. Patrick, out of Mangel Wurzel	P. Conelly	*

The length of the St. Leger Course is precisely one mile six furlongs (three quarters of a mile) and one hundred and fifty-five yards, which is exactly 285 yards short of two miles. The race was timed by John Connah, Esq., of this city (the importer of Apparition and others), and Flintoff, the well-known agent of Messrs. Jackson, Polk and other Southern importers, who made it one second less than that reported by the Editor of "Bell's Life in London," who pronounces it the quickest he can call to mind. Don John (a 3 yr. old of course) carried in this race 119lbs., being one pound more than *a six-year-old* would have carried in Virginia. The Queen of Trumps won the St. Leger in 1835 by a length, in 3:20, as timed by two Tennessee


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DON JUAN.

New York. Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine

it 3:17. Touchstone, it
bered that Don John won
day he came out for the
furlongs, with 101 lbs.

; his color a good
bay, with a
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and perhaps
to induce
those not
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place
happ-
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Boston in several essential points, particularly in his shoulder and
arm, as well as his coupling, back and quarters. He does not
come low down to the ground, while Don John's
unusual length; of this particular
sently, after introducing his
ances.

Pedigree.—Don John was bred by
Mr. Ridsdale for 100 guineas
into the hands of the Earl of
was got by
a Comus
Stamford, out of Mis
Mowbray—Lass of the Mill by
Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young
Dot's dam by Woodcock—Croft's Bay Bad

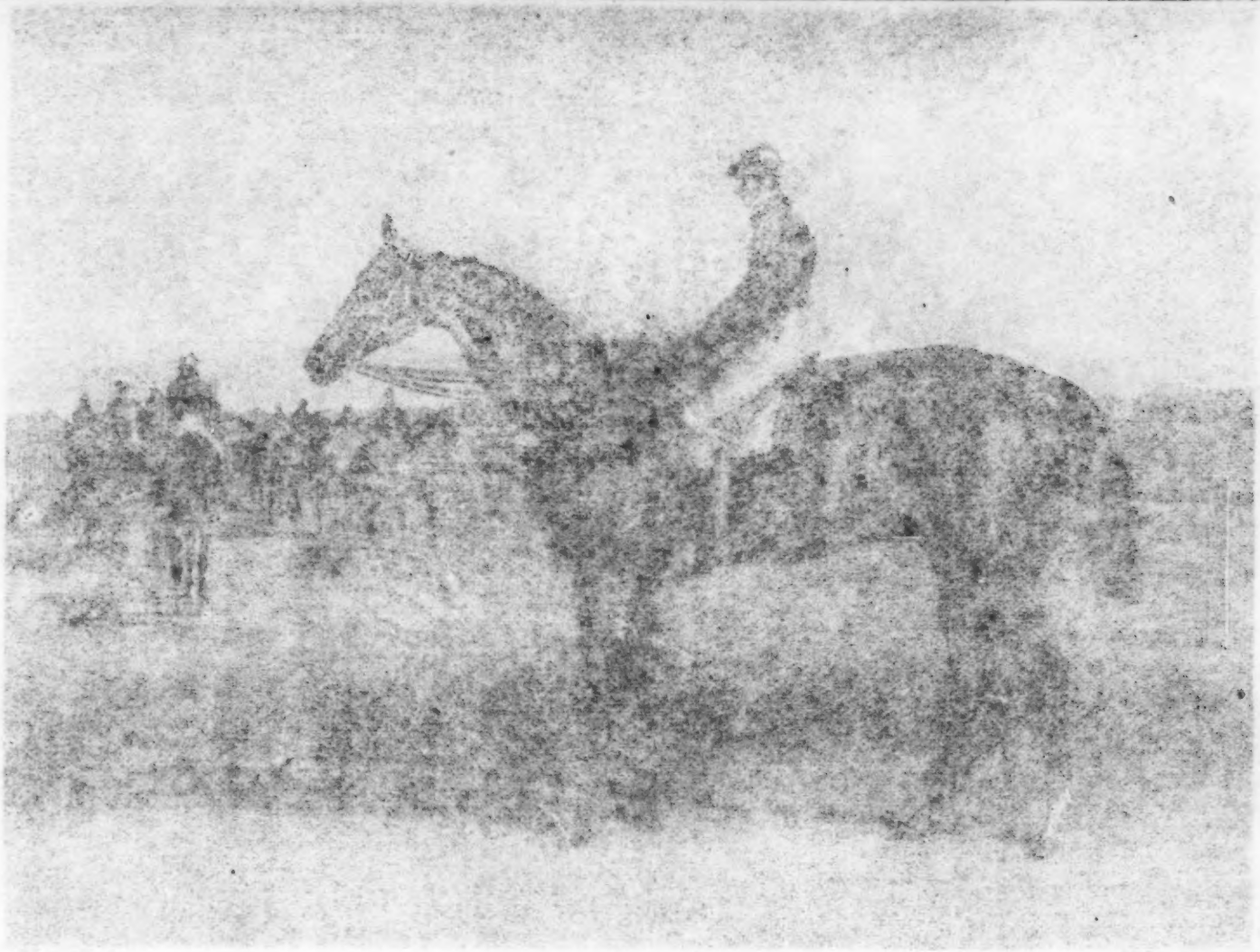
Performances.—1837. Won the Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting easily, beating Alaric, f. by Jerry, out of Purity, Woe Willie, Ares, and Vertumnus.

Won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in a canter, beating Barbarina, The Fairy Queen, Miss Fanny colt, Apollonia filly, and Charley Boy.

Won the Claret Stakes at Heaton Park, beating The Fairy Queen with the greatest ease.

1838. Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h ft, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting.

, beating Jon
Champagne Stakes without a struggle,
the prize.
won the Doncaster Cup in his usual style, beating Bo
Melbourne.
following week, Don John walked over for the
second to Grey Momus for the
well as being



turfmen, though the English timers made it 3:17. Touchstone, in 1834, won it in 3:20. It should be remembered that Don John won handily by six lengths! On the following day he came out for the Cup, which he won, running two miles and five furlongs, with 101 lbs. on his back, in 4:44—equal to 1:48 per mile!

Don John stands fifteen hands three inches high; his color a good bay, with a white hind hoof. He is a splendid animal to the eye, and perhaps had too much the character of a Park horse to induce those not previously enlightened as to his speed and stoutness, to place much reliance upon him for the Leger, as it so very often happens that such very good looking horses are deficient in lasting qualities. Such, however, is not his case; he is honest as well as speedy, as his performances have thoroughly demonstrated. He resembles *Boston* in several essential points, particularly in his shoulder and arm, as well as his coupling, flank and quarter. Boston's hocks come low down to the ground, while Don John's cannon bones are of unusual length; of this particular conformation we shall speak presently, after introducing his pedigree and a summary of his performances.

Pedigree.—Don John was bred by Mr. Garforth, and was sold when a foal to Mr. Ridsdale for 100 guineas. At the sale of that gentleman's stud he passed into the hands of the Earl of Chesterfield (being then a yearling,) for 140 gs. He was foaled in 1835—was got by Tramp or Waverley [the latter horse is known to be his sire], out of a Comus mare (bred in 1820 or 1821 by Mr. Garforth,) her dam Marciana by Stamford, out of Marcia by Coriander—Faith by Pacolet—Atalanta by Match'em—Lass of the Mill by Oronooko—Sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill by Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound, her dam by Partner, out of Miss Doe's dam by Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb, etc.

Performances.—1837. Won the Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting easily, beating Alzira, f. by Jerry, out of Purity, Wee Willie, Ares, and Vertumnus.

Won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in a canter, beating Barbarina, The Fairy Queen, Miss Fanny colt, Apollonia filly, and Charley Boy.

Won the Claret Stakes at Heaton Park, beating The Fairy Queen with the greatest ease.

1838. Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, in the Newmarket Craven Meeting.

Won the Great St. Leger on Tuesday, Sept. 18, going at his rate, beating Ion and five others.

On Thursday, Sept. 20, he carried off the Gascoigne Stakes without a struggle, no competitor coming out to dispute the prize.

The same day he won the Doncaster Cup in his usual style, beating Bee's-wing, The Doctor, and Melbourne.

On Wednesday, in the following week, Don John walked over for the Heaton Park St. Leger.

1839. On Friday, April 5, he ran second to Grey Momus for the Port Stakes, "the heavy state of the ground, as well as being not up to the mark, telling against the Leger winner."

On Tuesday, April 16, he won a Sweepstakes of ten subs. at 300 sovs. each, over the Beacon Course, beating Alemdar, Morella, and Caroline Elvina.

After the manner of Amato carrying off the Derby, Don John won all his races to the close of the campaign last season, never having encountered a worthy competitor, and therefore his speed remains unascertained. Because Grey Momus caught him amiss this Spring and beat him, is no evidence of his want of either the speed or stoutness which distinguished him in his two or three-year-old form. Had Harkaway come out for the Doncaster Cup last season, as he ought to have done, a severe struggle would in all probability have

occurred between him and Don John. Harkaway is one of the best horses that ever appeared on the turf; he possesses superior speed and superior power also, as is incontestibly proved by his various performances; but after what has occurred—after the disgraceful trickery which has characterized his proceedings in England, not the least dependence can be placed on the party who direct his movements. Amato and Don John, beat the same style of nags (Ion the best of them) in the same manner; the present season we hope will bring these two superior racers together, and if Harkaway was certain to go in the same race, it would be worth making a trip across the Atlantic to see it.

An extended notice of Don John in "The Sportsman"* is accompanied by the following remarks:—

"Notwithstanding the number of persons who obtain a livelihood by dealing in horses, of grooms and stable-keepers, whose active attention is daily devoted to these highly interesting animals, as well as myriads of professed amateurs, very few real judges of them are to be met with: those who make it their business to purchase "machiners," acquire the tact of selecting suitable objects with that sort of skill and discrimination which gives them confidence, and they offer a price according to the length of time they conceive the creatures capable of continuing to work; and indeed so nicely is this business managed, so well the descending gradations understood, that even a glandered horse will sell for a trifle—having still "a month's work left in him."

"Remarks somewhat similar are applicable to those who trade in nag horses, hunters, and all the superior equine varieties; these persons, after having ascertained the quality of a nag, and perceived that he possesses superior speed, for instance, will then point out the cause of this superiority very knowingly; but place a strange horse before them, and we are doubtful if an individual amongst them could describe the genuine principles of power and speed, of progressive motion, and decisively state that the individual must necessarily be fleet or otherwise, according to his conformation. Mr. Reid Denham, who pursued the avocation of horse-dealing for many years, who was highly respected by "the magnates of the land," and who, we believe, now enjoys (near Chesterfield, Derbyshire) the fruits of his long-continued and successful exertions, is one of the quickest and best judges of a horse who ever fell under our observation: shrewd, cunning, and somewhat eccentric, his decisions were rapid and absolute, but reasoning was out of the question. Yet, if a judgment respecting the qualities of a horse can be formed on systematic principles (of which we feel an unqualified conviction) a person understanding these principles will be able to give a definite opinion at first sight, supported by satisfactory and even incontestible reasoning. Thus if Grey Momus be placed before a competent judge, the latter would immediately perceive that he possesses more strength than activity; he would perceive that his quarters were well set-in, well let down, and muscular; and consequently as far as the propelling power, or the leverage of progressive motion is concerned, Grey Momus is unobjectionable—superior, indeed, to the generality of his racing fra-

* A monthly sporting magazine published in London, and edited by Mr. T. B. Johnson, author of "The Sportsman's Dictionary," who is also the editor of the sporting department of a weekly London journal called "The Era."

ternity; but, unfortunately for this honest running nag, when the accomplished judge's eye falls upon his shoulders, he instantly perceives they are overloaded, and must act as a counterpoise to the operations of his quarters; Grey Momus's shoulders are too heavy; consequently, when galloping, the quarters have to carry or force forward additional weight every stride, thus effectually preventing that degree of speed otherwise derivable from his great posterior power.

"The principles of power and speed in the horse are presented with some degree of variation, but nothing can be more ridiculous than the inconsiderate observation that "horses go in all forms;" Camel and Mameluke were both superior racers in their day; they possessed a similar degree of speed, were equally well formed forward, but presented a considerable variation behind: the quarters of Mameluke are well set in and widely spread, but the lateral muscular development immediately above the hock is defective, as are his gaskins also. The quarters of Camel are not well set in, while his gaskins are superior to those of any other nag we ever saw, accompanied by a remarkably well-defined and powerful lateral muscular development."

In a previous paragraph we alluded to the peculiar conformation of Don John's hind legs, as compared with Boston's, or with those of Black Maria or John Bascombe; he varies from the generality of stout and speedy racers both in this country and England, in the length from his hock to the ground, which in him is greater than usual —a form regarded as inimical to speed, but inconsiderately so, beyond all question. The fleetest, the most powerful, and probably far the best racer the world ever saw, was long from the hock to the ground; we allude, of course, to English Eclipse, whose rate of going was never accurately ascertained, for he could not only beat, but with the greatest ease, distance all his competitors; yet he was never touched with either whip or spur, but held in hand in all his races. A great many instances among the best racers that have figured on the American Turf within the last thirty years, might be cited in favor of our theory. Further, if we leave example out of the question, and resort to comparison for an elucidation of the subject, we shall find much in favor of the form in question; the more forward a horse can bring his hind feet every stride, the greater or more swift must be his progressive motion, and the point at issue is, whether a long or short hind leg is best calculated for the purpose. The hare is the fleetest quadruped in creation, by comparison; she is long from the hock to the ground, and brings her hind feet more forward every stride than any other four-legged animal: if, therefore, we perceive this formation presented by this extraordinary little creature, it cannot fail to assist her stride, and why not assist that of the horse also?

The quarters of Don John are widely spread and very powerful, with sufficient laxity of loin to give freedom in the action of the gallop; round carcase, brisket deep and low dropping, shoulders well formed, neck light, head handsome, and manifesting in an unusual degree the characteristics of the Eastern original, arm long and powerful, pastern longer than usual, but wiry. Hence Don John must necessarily possess superior speed, and superior powers of endurance —abundantly testified by his performances.

The editor of the "Sportsman" in the course of his article remarks to the following effect. He says "rather more than twelve months have elapsed since we listened, on Newmarket Heath, to some very extraordinary notions respecting the cause of speed, expressed by the owner of a stud, whose nags were then exercising. This gentleman entertained an opinion that speed originated internally: that, in fact, the viscera constituted the organs of celerity, and that no satisfactory judgment of the quality or capability of a horse could be formed from the external appearance of his conformation. It must be admitted, most assuredly, that if the lungs of a horse be diseased, his wind will be affected; and so of the other viscera, if they be disordered or impeded in their operation, the animal must suffer accordingly; but the impetus cannot be derived from the viscera—such doctrine is absurd. The organs of power and speed are presented externally to view; and if the horse be well formed, the lungs, the heart, &c. will not be impeded in their action."

The engraving of Don John in "The Sportsman," represents him with Scott on his back, galloping up to the starting post, which imparts a vigorous spirit to the picture otherwise unattainable; but we still prefer the one given in the "Review" (from which the one in this Magazine is copied,) as quite as much superior to it in point of truth and beauty, as it is better than those given in the other two English Sporting Magazines. The fact of his being painted in such a position, probably suggested the following ideas to the editor in regard to the gallop, which will be read with interest:—

"We have more than once heard the gallop described as a succession of jumps; we have also repeatedly observed this notion maintained in several catchpenny publications, huddled together as a job by low minded designing knaves, for the purpose of extracting money from the pockets of the inconsiderate part of the community; but nothing can be more erroneous: in the action of the gallop, the horse beats one, two, three, four, with his feet as regularly as possible: in the hand gallop, the feet may be heard reaching the ground in succession very distinctly; but, as the animal increases his pace, the feet of course move more rapidly, and render the space between the coming down of each foot less perceptible. In a manner equally ignorant, it has been remarked, that leaping is merely an extension of the gallop: in the act of leaping, the horse's fore legs are both lifted from the ground, when he springs from his hind quarters, and his four feet are off the ground for a certain space; therefore, the leap cannot be an extension of the gallop.

"Nature acts by laws equally wise and equally wonderful, and hence we find the organization of the incalculable varieties of creation adapted to their wants and their habits of life; if therefore we look at the horse in a state of unlimited freedom, existing in the plains where he can find pasturage, and offering no violence to any other animal, swiftness has been given him for the purpose of outstripping his enemies, and particularly to enable him to avoid the attack of ferocious animals, while leaping to any great height or distance was not necessary; the progressive motion of the horse is more fleet than that of any other animal; but leaping is not his forte; he is rarely able to leap his own height; while feline animals can bound many

times their own height, as exemplified in the domestic cat; such creatures, be it recollected, seize their prey by springing upon it, and therefore nature has kindly endowed them with the power for that purpose: however, if they thus excel the horse in leaping, they are far inferior to him in progressive speed, clearly indicated in their conformation, while the shape of their hinder parts shows whence they derive their surprising spring; their quarters are very widely spread, much elongated, tapering to the hock, whence to the ground they are short; they are thus enabled to draw their hinder parts under their body, and spring to a very great distance or to a very great height. It would therefore appear, that short hind legs (from the hock to the ground) are better calculated for leaping, than conducive to progressive speed, all of them remarkable for the extent of the bound or spring, while their progressive speed is of a very inferior description; their gallop, unlike that of the horse, consists of a succession of bounds, distressing to the animal, and by which it very soon becomes fatigued.

"If we recur to the greyhound, we shall perceive that he is short from the hock to the ground, as we have already noticed; he is fleet, but his leaping is more extraordinary than his speed; he can bound to a very considerable distance, and leap several times his own height. The hare, on the contrary, whose formation of the part in question is the reverse of that of the greyhound, is immeasurably fleeter than the latter, (being not more than a sixth of his weight) but makes a poor figure in leaping. May it not, therefore, be reasonably concluded that short hind legs are intended to assist the impetus in leaping, rather than accelerate progressive motion? If these conjectures be correct, and the preceding analagous observations point strongly to their accuracy, it consequently results that the length of Don John's hind legs must be considered rather as a perfection, than as detrimental to speed."

Lord Chesterfield, the owner of Don John, is widely known as a most generous supporter of the Turf; but notwithstanding the unsparing expense which has characterised his Lordship's proceedings, he has been unfortunate up to the season of 1838. His Priam filly Industry carried off The Oaks last year, and Don John the St. Leger—two stakes second in importance to The Derby only. We therefore cherish the hope that his turn has at length arrived. It is a little singular that Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who carried off The Derby of 1838 with Amato, an untried horse, had scarcely won a race for years! There is a gentleman of New Jersey who has been breeding from the best stock and training for several years—until last season without the least success. The first race he won was a sweepstakes that netted him over $4000, and this spring he has won another with a colt also bred by himself, of nearly the same amount. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc. We have heard with peculiar gratification that Lord Chesterfield has not only expressed a warm desire to visit this country and bring over his stable, but that he is anxious the "National Match between England and America" should be made up. He took a lively interest in the matter when suggested, and his influence and best wishes are secured in favor of its consummation.

SAND EATING BY HORSES.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, May 25, 1839.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me through the pages of your highly interesting and valuable, and (I must add) improved work, viz., the "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," to submit to yourself and your correspondents a query or two relative to the Horse.

1st. Why is it that many horses eat sand, and some with as much avidity as they do their grain?

2nd. And what mode, or means, or treatment, would you suggest as a preventive or cure for this disagreeable and noxious habit?

It will not be a satisfactory reply to say that *salt* is not administered in a sufficient quantity, for I have myself supplied several horses which I have in my possession with the greatest abundance of it. In fact, I have kept both the rock and grain salt in their boxes *at all times*.

I have supposed that it arose from a vitiated state of the stomach, or the digestive organs. I have heard from some of the initiated in the veterinary art, that horses were, like ourselves, subject to heartburn, and that sand relieved them; but I am disposed to attribute this vitiated appetite to an absence of the requisite irritation of the proper organs for a wholesome digestion of their food. You know that the work upon Farriery, put forth by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" across the water, maintains that bots are necessary to the healthy existence of the horse, on the same account —viz., the healthy preservation of the digestive functions by the irritation which they produce upon the insensible coating of the stomach. Now for an individual case in my own stable at this moment. I have a fine young horse, which never rolls, unless he gratifies his *bad* taste with a mouthful of sand at the same time. I believe, in fact know, that he has been affected with ascarides or small white worm, which *may possibly* be the cause of the habit of which I am making my inquiries—but I think not.

I have supposed that lime *might* cause him to relinquish his habit, from the fact, that whenever placed near a wall or tree which is whitewashed, he becomes actually ravenous and completely scales all the whitewash from the same which is within his reach. Yet he eats heartily, and else, appears to be in health with the exception of a cough, which he has had for months, varying in its severity from time to time.

With these data, Mr. Editor, although crudely and hurriedly thrown together, I hope you or some of your contributors will throw some satisfactory light upon the points submitted. I will only add that I have given lumps of *chalk*, which he devoured rapidly; but I did not continue giving it, apprehending inconvenience from its astringency.

With wishes of a heavy patronage for your labors,

I am yours, respectfully, INQUIRER.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23, 1838.—Purse $300, ent. $10; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather —3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. Vance Johnston's ch. c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan,—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 y.	2	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, by Mucklejohn, out of American Citizen's dam, 4 yrs.	4	2	2
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's ch. f. *Big Nancy*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 2 yrs.	3	3	3
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. c. *Quietus*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs	1	dist.	
J. M. Vance's b. g. *Emerald*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, aged	5	dr	
Wm. A. Cary's b. f. *Betsey Jones*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	dist.		
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. c. *Red Bill*, by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlboro', 4 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 1:54—1:53—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse $500, ent. $20; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific—Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 5 yrs.	1	1	
Jas. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's b. f. *Ione*, by John Richards, out of Lady Morgan's dam, 4 yrs	6	3	
J. M. Vance's ch. m. *Jane Lamar*, by Reynold's Contention, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	3	dist.	
W. R. Peyton's ch. f. by Rattler, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	4	dist.	
Cornelius Robinson's ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:52.

THURSDAY, Jan. 25—Purse $700, ent. $30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. f. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1	
Col. Vance Johnson's b. h. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	4	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Andrew, 5 yrs	2	3	
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Melzare*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	4	
C. Robinson's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	5	5	

Time, 5:53—5:48.

FRIDAY, Jan. 26—Purse $1000, ent. $40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. H. Bradfute's b. f. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1	
Tayloe & Johnson's imp. br. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 3 yrs.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn—Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 8:12—8:24. Run during a rain storm. Track very heavy.

PORT GIBSON, MISS., CLAIBORNE COUNTY COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31, 1838—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. *Sally Harrison*, by Frank—Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 y	2	1	1
David Kenly's b. c. *Rockett*, by Rockett, dam omitted, 4 yrs	3	3	2
William Pryor's ch. c. *Bob Long*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs.	4	2	dist.
Joseph Nicoll's b. f. *Rosalba*, pedigree omitted, 3 yrs	1	4	dist.

Time not given.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's imp. ch. f. *Matilda*, by Merchant—Mandelina by Cervantes, 3 yrs.	2	dr	
T. B. Magruder's b. c. *Blacklock*, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 3:49.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan—Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 yrs.	1	
H. Johnson's gr. h. *John Anderson*, by Pacific, dam by Florizel	dr	

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietor's Purse $300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

William Pryor's ch. c. *Bob Long*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	1
L. F. Norris' *Ellen Breckenridge*, by Trumpator—Love's grey mare by Robin Grey.	4	2	2
John Grissom's ch. h. *Hallelujah*, by Sir Charles, dam unknown, aged	2	3	dist.
T. B. Magruder's *Sugar Lips*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles	3	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:56—1:53.

MECKLENBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 2, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

William McCargo's (P. N. Edgar's) b. f. *Elpinice*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian.	1
James Williamson's gr. f. by Escape, dam by Director	dist.
David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Virginian	dist.

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g's allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. *Jane Hilliard*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	3	1	1
John C. Claibourn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs	1	3	2
James Williamson's gr. f. *Wild Flower*, by Escape, dam by Director, 3 yrs	2	4	3
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	5	2	dr
Williamson & Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuckaluck, aged	4	5	dr

Time, 4:11—4:11¼—4:14.

THURSDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 4 y.	1	1
David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins—Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 4 y.	4	2
William McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs	2	3
John C. Claibourn's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	3	4

Time, 6:14—6:04.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5—Handicap Purse $100, for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Williamson & J. M. P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 115lbs	1	1	1
James Williamson's b. c. *John Kennedy*, by Imp. Fylde—Polly Kennedy by Napoleon, 3 y	3	2	2
John C. Claibourn's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	2	4	3
David McDaniel's b. c. *Eli*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs	4	3	4

Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at $25 each. Mile heats.

William McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford	1	1
David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles	3	2
James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Diomed	2	3

Time not given. GEO. M. BRANCH, *Sec'y*.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, May 3, 1838—Match, $1000 a side, Three mile heats.

D. F. Cooper's gr. h. *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archy, 5 yrs. 103lbs	1	1
Frost & Edgar's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 8 yrs. 120lbs	2	2

Time, 6:10—6:15.

FRIDAY, May 4—Match, $1000 a side, Two mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, own brother to Laplander, 6 yrs. 114lbs	1	1
D. F. Cooper's ch. h. *Tartar*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 7 yrs. 120lbs	2	dist.

Time, 4:07—4:00.

SATURDAY, May 5—Citizens' Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 75lbs.—4, 90—5, 103—6, 114—and aged 120lbs., allowing 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

John Frost's gr. m. *Jane Yateman*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 5 yrs	1	1
Maj. Thomas Stephenson's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Ganymede, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:08—4:10. D. KIMBAL, *Sec'y*.

MOUNT PLEASANT, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $50 each, P.P. Mile heats.

F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy	walked over.
Thomas Heitt's ch. f. by Constitution, dam by Stockholder	paid forfeit.
N. G. Murphy's b. f. by Desaix, dam by Gallatin	" "
N. F. Smith's ch. f. by Scroggins, out of Reel Foot	" "
H. B. Porter's ch. f. by Carroll, dam by Roanoke	" "
William Thomas' b. c. by Scroggins, out of Anne Boleyn	" "
Nimrod Porter's ch. c. by Sir William, dam by Roanoke	" "

THURSDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Smith's gr. f. *Betsey Boston*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle	2	1	1
L. J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison	1	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Pacolet	3	dist.	
James Kirkman's imp. ch. f. by Aaron, dam by Schamler	pd. ft.		

Time, 1:59—1:54—2:01.

FRIDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $100 each P. P. Mile heats.

Wilkinson Barnes' ch. c. by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror	4	1	1
H. Smith's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder	3	4	2
Thomas M. Williams' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy	1	2	dist.
L. J. Polk's b. f. by Scroggins, dam by Arab	2	3	dr
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Sir Archy	pd	ft.	

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

SATURDAY, May 12—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Lucius J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
W. H. Boddie's b. f. *Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side. One mile.

Dr. Robard's (R. K. Polk's) gr. g. ——, 5 yrs. 110lbs	1
S. Nowell's ch. g. ——, 6 yrs. 118lbs	2

Time, 1:56.

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Smith & Head's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1	
J. C. Cabiness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, out of Prince George's dam, 6 yrs	2	2	
J. J. Burton's (Col. Comis') b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs	3		

Time, 4:37—4:20.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Smith & Head's bl. f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1
Dr. W. A. Leland's b. f. *Lady Margaret*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... dist.
Time, 6.56.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
Smith & Head's b. f. *Frances Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2
Dr. W. A. Leland's b. h. *Bay Bill*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs..... 2 3 3
Time, 9:43—9:54—10:04.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Jockey Club Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Col. John Long's ch. f. *Miss Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.... 2 1 1 1
J. C. Cabiness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, pedigree above, – yrs..... 1 2 2 2
Smith & Head's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Roaster, 3 y. bolt.
Time, 2:11—2:10—2:14—2:16.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, May 22, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Walter Livingston's b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler..... *Abram.* 1 2 4
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *John Linton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy. 2 1 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sampson's Sir Charles mare.. 3 3 3
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian..... dist.
Time, 1:50½—1:50—1:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $1000 a side, 114lbs. on each, Four mile heats.
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley—Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.... 1 1
D. Tom's (Mr. McClellan's) ch. h. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 y. 2 2
Time, 7:58—8:10.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. f. *Jane Rowlett*, by Nullifier, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 1 1
James B. Kendall's (Edward Pendleton's) br. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 4:24—4:23. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
James H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Samuel Laird's ch. f. *Ann Calendar*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Cracchus, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 2:01—2:07. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 24—Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry—Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs.. dist.
Time, 7:14. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
James B. Kendall's b. m. *Medora*, by John Richards, dam by Valentine, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 2:02—2:04.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 8:36—8:41.

MADISON, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Association Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
James Dunn's b. c. *Collier Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 4 yrs..... 1 1
James Lindsay's b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 4:04—4:00.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Association Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
James Dunn's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 1 1
John W. Kennedy's ch. f. *Susan Wallace*, by Collier, dam by Comet, 4 yrs..... 2 2
James Lindsay's ch. c. *Hunchback*, by Clodhopper, dam by Madison, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
Lowery & Boyce's b. f. *Huntress*, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 1:59—1:56. Mary Burnham carried 5lbs. over weight.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Thomas B. Warfield's ch. h. *Medalion*, by Bertrand, out of Sophia Wynn by Blackburn's Whip, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1
James Lindsay's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, dam by Darneby's Diomed, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
Lowery & Boyce's ro. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... dist.
Time not given. JAMES C. CALDWELL, *Sec'y.*

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., HUNTING PARK COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	*Phil.*	2	1	1	1
Barnes B. Smock's ch. f. *Mary Otterson*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot, 3 y.		1	2	2	2
Thos. Calvert's b. f. *Fanny Eclipse*, by Eclipse Jr., dam by John Richards, 3 yrs		3	3	3	dr
John Horter's gr. g. *Trouble*, by Medley, dam unknown, 5 yrs		4	dr		

Time, 1:56—2:00—2:01—2:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at $100 each, with $100 added. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Elliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge	*Abram.*	1	1	
James B. Kendall's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy by Alfred		2	2	
B. B. Smock's br. g. by Stranger, dam by John Richards		3	3	

Time, 1:56—1:52.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

D. Abbott's gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, out of Betsey Richards by John Richards, 5 yrs	*John Haggerty.*	1	1	
James B. Kendall's br. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs		2	2	

Time, 3:50—4:00. Track heavy, and raining.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. *Champagne*, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs	*John Haggerty.*	4	1	1	
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs		1	3	3	
Joseph Hellings' ch. h. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs		3	2	2	
B. B. Smock's ch. h. *Oliver*, by May-Day, dam by John Richards, aged		2	4	dr	

Time, 6:01—5:57—6:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs	*Dick Kendall.*	1	1	1	
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. *Shepherd*, pedigree above, 4 yrs		2	2	2	
Joseph Hellings' ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 y		3	3	3	

Time, 1:57—1:58—1:57. The weather stormy and the track heavy.

JAMES BROWN.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Arthur Fox's ch. g. *Copperas*, by Moccasin, dam by Cedar, aged		2	1	1	1
John G. Harley's b. f. *Nancy Dawson*, by Weehawk, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs		1	2	2	2
Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Spallanzani*, by Spallanzani, dam by Cherokee, 2 yrs		dist.			

Time, 2:10—2:34—2:37—2:23.

Spallanzani threw his rider at the first quarter of the first heat.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—For a splendid Service of Plate, value $400, ent. $40, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's imp. b. c. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 4 yrs	1	1	
R. T. Blanchard's b. m. *Lucy*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Davis's Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 4:34.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—J. C. Purse $500, ent. $50, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	
Thomas J. Robinson's ch. f. *Miss Leisurely*, by Cherokee, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs	2	dist.	

Time, 6:50.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—J. C. Purse $800, ent. $80, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Thos. J. Robinson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 y	1	1	
Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 9:03.

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1838—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Mons. Tonson—Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger—Pocahontas by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs	1	2	2

Time, 6:16—6:30—6:36.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Purse $——, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

James H. Moore's ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs	2	1	1
William H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, 4 yrs	3	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's b. f. *Julia Hayes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	3	dr

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Purse $——, conditions as before, Mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse—Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	1	1
J. H. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	3	3	2
Davis & Ragland's b. f. *Salæratus*, by Count Badger—Pocahontas by Sir Archy, 0 yrs	1	2	dis

Time not given.

EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR BY AN OLD READER.

The following letter was received sometime since, but having been mislaid we have not had an opportunity hitherto of laying it before our readers. It was addressed to our predecessor, not to the present Editor of the "Register," and little did the writer imagine, probably, when penning his letter, that it would ever fall into our hands. We trust that the promises held out in the Notice accompanying the Index have been fulfilled in such a degree that the work may still command the good opinion of our correspondent; and we need hardly add that we should be happy to number him among its regular contributors, albeit he lends the "Spirit of the Times" one of Quentin Durward's "good Scotch knocks." By the way, "talking of guns," the idea of not being able to find a pedigree, or race, or what not, in the "Spirit," *because of its form*, strikes us as rather the oddest thing we have heard of since that case of "absence of mind" in which a poor nervous devil imagined himself a tea-pot, set down upon the grate and presently began to sing—or the one in which a man mistook a wet towel for a late newspaper, and never discovered the difference until he attempted to tear off a corner to light a cigar! If the readers of the "Spirit" would sew the numbers together, or have the volume bound at the end of the year, they would have no trouble, with the assistance of the copious Index given annually, in finding any *sporting* matter contained in it. The leaves should be carefully *cut* as soon as it is received, and secured with a pin or a needle and thread, and there would then be no necessity for turning over and twisting the leaves about. However, we shall not seek to controvert our correspondent's opinion, but are glad that while we have "some half dozen or more subscribers" to the weekly journal in his place of residence, we have one advocate of the Magazine as staunch as himself.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, April 5th, 1839.

DEAR SIR—I have this day received the Index to the 9th volume of the "American Turf Register," together with your address to your patrons, to which corps I think I may justly claim to belong.

Although not a turfman, nor yet a breeder, still, I have been a regular subscriber to this work for nine years, and no one among them, I am sure, feels a more lively interest in its future prosperity than I do. I am truly, heartily gratified to learn that this useful work, this work of incalculable value, is to be continued, and that the 10th volume has been commenced under auspices so favorable to the great objects contemplated in its commencement.

I have ever regarded it as being by far the best and most valuable work of the kind ever published in this country, the opinions of all the advocates of the "Spirit" to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not mean by this, to find fault with the articles or matter contained in other works of the kind, nor the ability with which their Editorial departments are filled, but I do mean to say and maintain, that as a *useful register* and *reference* book, it has no equal in this country to my knowledge.

The "Spirit of the Times," though edited with great ability and conducted with a spirit and liberality worthy of the age in which we live, *will not do for a reference book.* Experience satisfies me of this fact. There are perhaps a half dozen or more subscribers to it in this place, who I believe have taken it for three or four years, and some probably from its commencement; yet if the pedigree of any horse in the country is called for, or the particulars of any interesting race are wanted, my book-case is almost invariably resorted to—not because the same information is not contained in the "Spirit," *but because it cannot be found.* Works in the common newspaper form are

rarely, if ever, filed and bound into books, for the obvious reason that they make a volume too unwieldly and altogether unfitted for the library, while pamphlets are always, by careful hands, preserved for their usefulness and convenience, and at the same time to fill and adorn the library.

Be assured, sir, that it requires but an effort to replace this valuable work upon that high and elevated ground which it once so conspicuously occupied. If it shall be conducted in the manner promised in your address, I for one, promise and assure you, that it will never want for patronage—the times themselves forbid it.

Missouri is still somewhat in the back ground with regard to the Turf, and also in some other respects, yet we flatter ourselves that the day is not distant when we shall be able to place ourselves alongside of the best of our sister States. We have a climate surpassed by none in the world for stock raising—a soil as rich, luxuriant and productive as the heart of man could desire. If we but do our duty, we must prosper.

But I have run away with this matter—my business was to inform you of the great match which has lately been concluded between Col. T. W. PATTEN's *Franklin*, by Flagellator, and Mr. D. F. COOPER's *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific, four mile heats, for $2000 a side, $1500 forfeit, to come off over the Fayette Course on the 29th day of May. Franklin is seven, the Duke six years old, and by the rules of our Club (which are bad enough in all conscience) will carry 114 and 120lbs. The friends of both horses are in fine spirits, and all hands anticipate fine sport. No doubt many "*Spanish castings*," and perhaps a good share of the "*mint drops*," will change owners on this occasion.

The result of this race will be communicated as soon as it is terminated, as well as all other matters of interest in this region. If there is any thing above worthy of a place in the "Register," it is at your service, *without the name* of your very obedient humble servant,

C. F. J.

P. S.—I enclose five dollars for my subscription to the 10th volume. C. F. J.

Quere by the Editor—Is not the above a model for a postscript?

AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY.

A Portrait of *Wagner*, painted in New Orleans, by TROYE, and one of *Monarch*, painted in South Carolina, by DEVEAUX, for Col. HAMPTON, expressly for this paper, are on their way to this city, to be engraved in the most expensive and superb style. The most eminent artists in town are now engaged on Portraits of Imported *Leviathan* and *Shark*, from paintings by Troye, the first having been painted for JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, and the latter for Capt. STOCKTON, of New Jersey. Troye is now engaged in Kentucky upon a portrait of *Mingo*, for Gen. IRVINE, of Philadelphia, which will be engraved in the same style of art as those of *Black Maria* and *John Bascombe*, which have already been published. The series will form an AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY, worth of itself more than the price of subscription to the "Spirit of the Times." Not one of the series will cost us as little as FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, while three of them will cost nearly double that sum. [From the "Spirit of the Times" of June 15.]

Notes of the Month.

JULY.

THE DERBY.—The arrival of the British steam ship *Great Western* puts the editor in possession of "newspaper reports" of the Epsom and several other important Meetings, from which we make but a single extract or two, preferring to wait for the official reports as given in "Bell's Life in London" and the Sporting Magazines.

For the Derby Stakes of 1839 there were 143 subscribers at 50 sovs. each, h. ft. Twenty-one started, but three only were placed, as follows:—

W. Ridsdale's c. *Bloomsbury*, by Mulatto, out of St. Giles' dam..... 1
Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*, by Defence, out of Lady Stumps..... 2
Mr. Thornhill's c. *Euclid*, by Emilius, out of Maria..... 3

The betting was 30 to 1 vs. the winner, who had never started; the value of the stakes was £3,550, or about $17,000. The owner of Deception has objected to the stakes being paid over to Mr. Ridsdale, on the ground that Bloomsbury is "by Tramp *or* Mulatto," as stated in the Stud Book, and not by Mulatto alone, as given in the Calendar. The decision of the Club, whatever it may be, will not affect the bets.

The race for The Oaks (for fillies exclusively) came off on the day before the Great Western sailed, and we have no authentic report of the result, though we have been informed by a passenger that a rumor that *Deception* had won was current at Bristol; this fine filly was the first favorite for The Oaks, 11 to 10 being the odds against her; it was supposed that twelve would start.

Harkaway started for the Chester Trades Cup, but was beaten by Cardinal Puff (whom he had previously beaten), but came out on the following day for the "Late Stand Cup," and won it cleverly. The day after, he was plated for the "Stand Cup," his jockey was weighed, and he was brought to the post, but it was evident from circumstances that subsequently transpired, that Ferguson, his owner, had no intention of starting him, and it has been proposed that he be "ruled off" every course in the Kingdom.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Olympius* is claimed by Mr. Jas. Long, of Washington City, for his ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla Junior. Also, that of *Cassandra* for a yearling br. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the same mare.

That of *Great Western* by the Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans, for his br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria. That of *Hector* was claimed near two years since by the same gentleman, for his colt by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Shepherd.

That of *Herald* by Col. W. Hampton, of Columbia, S. C., for his ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Delphine. The last three and the first, are nominated in the "Peyton Stake" at Nashville, Tenn.

Blood Sales.—Mr. N. Rives, of Richmond, Va., has sold *Boston*, the celebrated crack, to Mr. James Long, of Washington City, for $12,500—about three quarters of his value.

Mr. Joseph N. Burch, of Piscataway, Md., has sold his b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rob Roy, 4 yrs., to Mr. Edward H. Pendleton, of Baltimore, for $2300.

Mr. J. J. Holmes, of Monmouth Co., N. J., has sold his b. c. *Fifer*, (own brother to Mr. Van Mater's *Hornblower*,) by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 3 yrs., to Mr. Floyd P. Gerow, of Augusta, Ga., for $500. Mr. J. Longstreet, of Middletown, N. J., has sold to the same gentleman a ch. f., own sister to *Clarion*, by the same horse, out of an Oscar mare. They will be trained in South Carolina this season.

Walter Livingston, Esq., of Richmond, Staten Island, has sold one half of his interest in his b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs., to Mr. Otway P. Hare, of Petersburg, Va., for $4000. The colt was sold a few weeks previous to his engagement for $3000, to which $1000 was to be added if he won. Mr. H. took half of the engagement and ran the horse himself: it will be seen by the Racing Calendar that Job won the stake, to which there were four subscribers at $2000 each, P. P., Four mile heats.

Racing On Dits.—John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, has placed his fine colt *Fordham* in the stable of Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., to be trained for the Fall campaign. Mr. Pendleton has also sent *Wonder* to the same stable. *Boston* will remain there for the present; there is a possibility of his going to New Orleans next winter.

Col. Hampton, of S. C., is about to send *Monarch* on to "the Old Dominion" to be trained for his match with *Portsmouth;* he will probably be accompanied by Stewart, Col. H.'s trainer. It is understood that *Kate Seyton* (not Seaton), belonging to the same gentleman, will return immediately home from Virginia, and the match between her and *Passenger* drawn, in consequence of five heavy engagements upon her in Georgia and Carolina. Both matches were made before an opportunity was afforded of consulting Col. H. relative to their engagements.

Mr. McCargo's stable from Virginia is now in Kentucky, where it will be trained for the Fall Meeting at Louisville; it includes Billy Townes, Missouri, a sister to Duane, and several others. Mr. Campbell's stable, including Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, and others, from Louisiana, is at Cincinnati, where it will be trained for the Western Campaign.

The fine Leviathan filly V*ashti*, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs., owned by Mr. D. McDaniel, of Raleigh, N. C., unfortunately broke down on the 6th of last month, in the 2d heat of a three mile race over the Union Course. She was distinguished as the winner of a very fine race at four mile heats, beating Steel and Portsmouth in three heats,—winning the 2d in 7:46; it is understood that she will be bred this season to Monmouth Eclipse. Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins, broke down in the same heat, in the same leg, and nearly at the same moment.